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HOME MAGAZINE



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PHILADELPHIA.

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BÜTTERICK & CO.]

# Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' WALKING COSTUME.

(For Description see next page.)

## LADIES' WALKING COSTUME.

The costume represented by the engraving is made of two varieties of silk, with basket cloth for the jacket. The skirt is in ordinary walking length, and was cut from plain silk by our pattern No. 3900, price 30 cents. It is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and requires  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material, 27 inches wide, to make a garment like it for a lady of medium size.

The over-skirt is cut bias of the plaid silk, a style much in favor. The front and back are nearly equal in width, and the former has a seam at the center. The pattern used in cutting the over-skirt is No. 4149, price 30 cents, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. Of 27-inch-wide goods,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards will be required in making the garment for a lady of medium size.

A basque worn beneath the jacket was cut by pattern No. 3710, which requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material of the usual width in making it for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 20 cents.

The pattern used for the jacket is No. 4121, price 30 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making the jacket for a lady of medium size,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be sufficient. Titan braid is the decoration used, while linen lingerie completes the neck and wrists.

The hat is composed of the dress materials combined and laid over a rolling rim, while a twist and loops together with a wing complete the decorations.



4231

Front View.



4231

Back View.

## LADIES' PRINCESS POLONAISE, WITH DRAPERY BACK.

No. 4231.—The charming garment here illustrated is made of cashmere, with decorations of silk, fringe and silk-corded buttons. It is specially suited to ladies with stout figures and is admirably fitted. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches,

bust measure, and costs 40 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size  $8\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Camel's-hair makes up very handsomely by the pattern and requires no decoration unless desired.





4219

*Front View.*

4219

*Back View.*

## LADIES' DOLMAN CLOAK.

No. 4219.—Since Dolman wraps are so very stylish, almost every variety of material and trimming is called into requisition for their construction; silk, suit goods and cloth being especially in demand, with fur, feathers and Titan braid as decorations.

To make the garment illustrated,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents.



4225

*Front View.*

4225

*Back View.*

## LADIES' OVER-SKIRT, LACED IN FRONT.

No. 4225.—Laced waists and over-skirts are again popular, and of the latter class of garments, the engravings represent one of the prettiest of the season. It is made of basket cloth and trimmed with facings and ruffings of silk. The pattern is in 9 sizes for

ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents. To make the over-skirt for a lady of medium size  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Silk, velvet, serge, cashmere or any material, will make up prettily by the model.



4237

Front View.



4237

Back View.

## LADIES' DOLMAN CAPE, WITH SACK FRONT.

No. 4237.—This pretty wrap is suitable for street or evening wear, and may be made of any material appropriate for either purpose, and decorated to harmonize with the fabric selected. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are required. The material represented is *matelassé* silk, and the decorations are fringe and marabou ruching.



4243

Front View.

MISSES' POLONAISE, WITH  
SIDE-BACK SASHES.

No. 4243.—The garment represented is a familiar one in general outline, though possessing some novel features; the closing and sash arrangement being quite new. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and is suitable for any fabric made up for young ladies' wear. To make the polonaise illustrated for a miss of 11 years, 5½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The sash-portions are of the material trimmed with fringe, but may be made of silk if preferred. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



4243

Back View.

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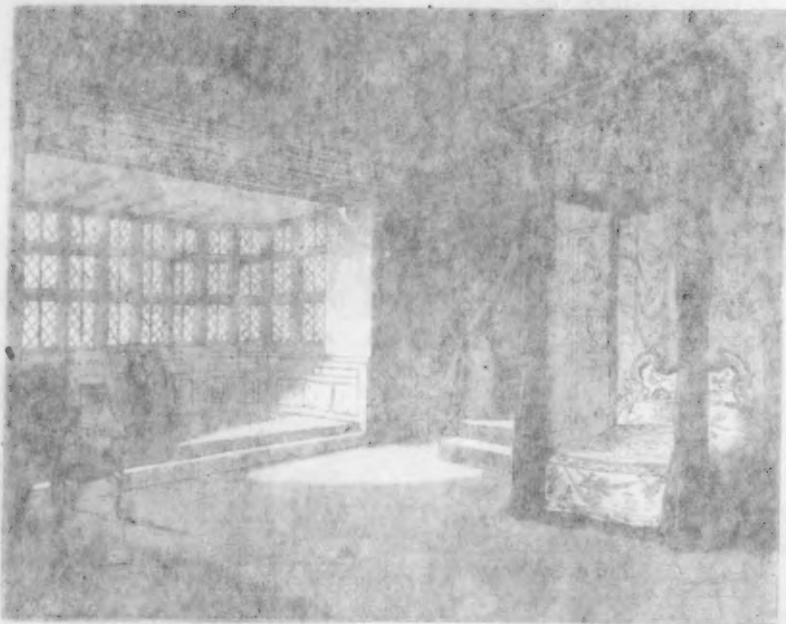
# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLIV.

JANUARY, 1876.

No. 1.

## History, Biography and General Literature.



THE STATE BED-ROOM.

### HADDON HALL.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

**D**ERBY is one of the central shires of England, and is chiefly an agricultural district, being well cultivated, and beautifully diversified by hill and valley, woodland and meadow. In this county is situated Chatsworth, one of the most magnificent Baronial residences to be found in England, a description of which has already been given in the pages of the HOME MAGAZINE. About three miles from Chatsworth is another hall, equally historical in its reminiscences, equally beautiful, and equally deserving the attention of the tourist. Haddon Hall is absolutely perfect as an example of the baronial homes of England. It is in no sense a castle, but was evidently planned for the purpose—besides that of being a home for a noble family—of dispensing the most princely hospitality.

VOL. XLIV.—1.

The first building of the hall dates back at least to Norman times, and though it has been added to from period to period, and some portions of it probably rebuilt, there are still traces of Norman architecture remaining; and it is not impossible that this Norman work may have been grafted on a Saxon erection, which in its turn, might have been remodeled from a Roman edifice. That there was an ancient Roman temple, or other structure, upon the spot, there can be little doubt, since there is still preserved, and exhibited in the inner court-yard of the hall, a Roman altar which, many years ago, was dug up in the grounds. This altar, which is of stone, and somewhat elaborately carved, bears a Latin inscription, which, being interpreted, reads: "To the god Mars, Braciaca, Osittius Cæcilianus, Prefect of the First Cohort of the Aquitani, in performance of a vow."

During all the internal struggles which have, at

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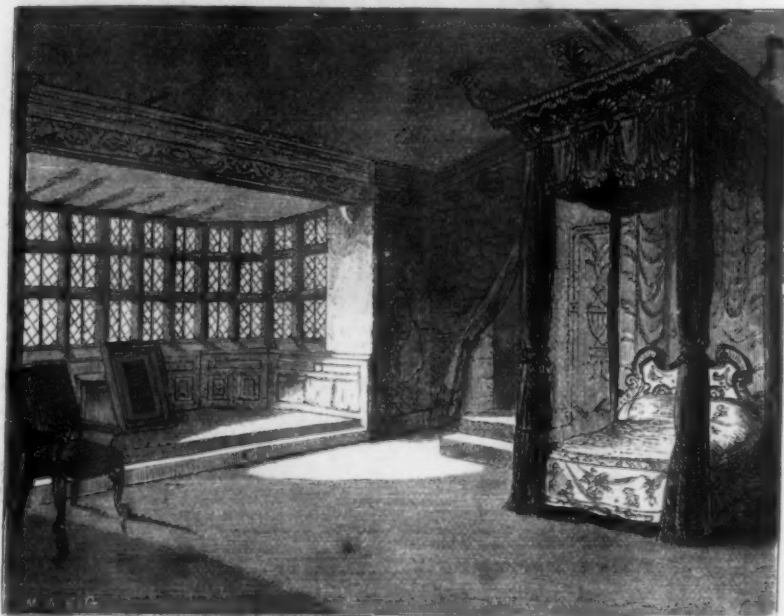
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various times in the history of England, disturbed her peace, and left their records upon the halls and castles of the country, Haddon Hall has been

vasion, has been called a traitor, and had his possessions wrested from him by the crown. Absolute peace and tranquillity has brooded over it;



HADDON HALL FROM THE MEADOWS.

left in absolute tranquillity: No invading army has beaten down its walls; no fugitive has taken refuge in its secret places, and so brought down

and it still stands, with walls and roofs but little touched by time, a beautiful and grand relic of a by-gone age. It is more than a century and a half since it has served as the residence of the noble family whose possession it is; but the present Duke of Rutland, its owner, keeps the place in perfect repair, and welcomes to it all who desire to ramble through its now disused halls, chambers and passage-ways.

Haddon Hall is built upon the side of a hill which rises behind it, and furnishes a beautiful green background to its ivy-covered and moss-grown walls. The grounds are partially shaded with stately trees of many centuries' growth, and the grass is green and fresh with a luxuriance which time alone can give. At the foot of the hill winds the tiny river Wye, which is crossed by an old and picturesque bridge.

The first authentic history we have of this hall is, when it came into the possession of, and was perhaps built by, a certain Henry de Ferrars, who held it in 1086.

In the twelfth century, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of William de Avenell, its then possessor, married Richard de Vernon, who traced his descent back to the Norman invaders of England, and the estate passed to the Vernons. It remained in the possession of the Vernons until the time of Sir George Vernon, "King of the Peak," as he was known, when, upon his death, in 1567, it passed to the family of Manners, Sir John Manners having married Dorothy Vernon, daughter of Sir George, and, through her, inherited the magnificent property. There is quite a romance



ROMAN ALTAR.

upon it the vengeance of those in power; no owner, in all the long succession of Vernons and Manners, dating back to the time of the Norman in-



attached to this marriage, to which I will presently refer. The eldest son of it eventually succeeded to the title and estates of the Earl of Rutland, the direct line of succession in the Man-

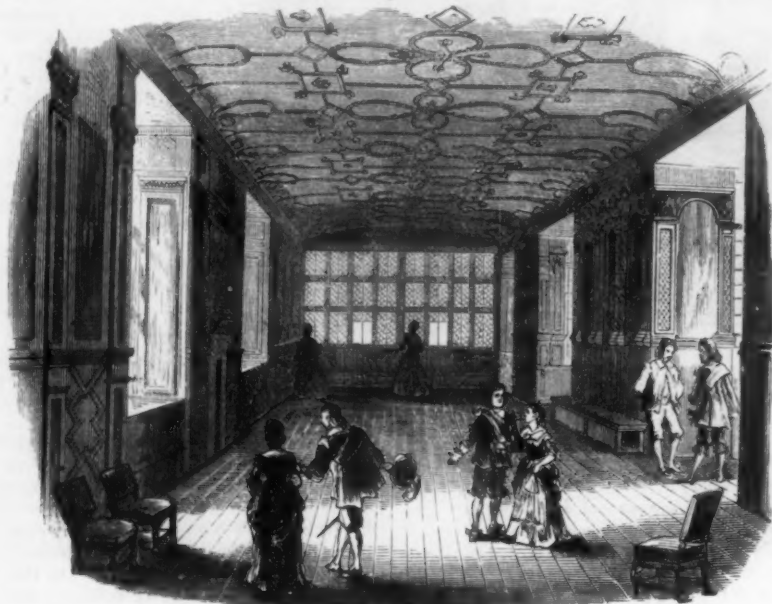
quis of Granby and Duke of Rutland, the highest dignity in the realm.



HADDON FROM THE ROWSLEY ROAD.

ceeded to the title and estates of the Earl of Rutland, the direct line of succession in the Man-

The hall is an extensive structure, being built around the four sides of a somewhat irregular



BALL ROOM, OR LONG GALLERY.

ners family, who held the earldom, having failed. In 1703, the then existing earl was created Mar-

quadrangle. In the interior of this quadrangle are two Courts, the Lower and the Upper, the two

being divided by a portion of the edifice, which runs through the centre, connecting the northern and southern sides.

At the south-west corner of the structure is the chapel, which is reached from the Lower Court-Yard, through an arched doorway, leading into a small ante-chapel, or vestibule. At present this chapel consists of a nave with side aisle and chancel. The arches and pillars of the nave are Norman, but have been somewhat altered from their original character. There is much to interest the antiquarian in this chapel in the way of carving, altar-tables, stained windows and mural decora-

still used as a store-room of the private papers of the family.

Crossing the court-yard, the visitor enters the arched doorway of a porch, opening on a long and narrow passage. This passage has four arched doorways on the left, leading to the great kitchen and other domestic offices. On the right, it is divided from the "Great Banqueting-Hall" by a richly-carved oak screen, which has two open doorways. This screen is beautifully panelled, each panel being headed with cinquefoil cusps, above which is other Gothic tracery of elegant design. On the side facing this screen is a raised dais, extending the whole side of the room, where the lord and his family and honored guests sat around the massive oak table—which is still preserved—crowded with substantial and generous fare. Over the passage-way is found the minstrel's gallery, the upper part of the screen forming the front of the gallery. A gigantic fireplace, with a wide, open chimney, occupies nearly one side of the hall.

Adjoining the banquet-hall, on the south, is the dining-room, one of the most cheerful apartments in the whole building. The western end of this room is entirely occupied with a Gothic window of eight lights, filled with glass, disposed in an elaborate geometric pattern. On the southern side, at one end, is a large oriel window, with seats on all sides, looking out upon the lawns, terraces, grounds and river. Both room and recess are panelled in a most elaborate manner, with heraldic and Gothic designs.

Passing out of the dining-room, the visitor will ascend a flight of steps, and enter the drawing-room, which is situated over the dining-room. This room is hung with fine old tapestry, above which is a frieze of ornamented mouldings. There is an oriel window similar to that of the dining-room, wainscoted in panels, which still bear traces of paint and gilt. Its ceiling

is ornamented with a geometric pattern of great beauty. At the western end of the room is an elaborate Gothic window. Near this window a doorway opens into what is called the "earl's dressing-room," a small ante-room to the earl's bed-chamber, which is just beyond. Both of these rooms are hung with tapestry, while the former is lighted by a recessed window.

Beyond the "earl's bed-room" is the "lady's dressing-room," hung with tapestry, and lighted with a recessed window. From this series of rooms, access is easily obtained to the chapel, by means of a narrow flight of steps which lead down to the lower court, close to the chapel door.



THE CHAPEL.

tions. The latter are all more or less defaced, some of them having been hidden at one time under a coat of whitewash. Against one of the pillars is a massive circular Norman font, on which is a curiously constructed cover. The entire length of the chapel is forty-nine feet. Some portions of it date back as far at least as 1160, while other parts are of more recent construction. Traces of color and gilding are still discernable upon the walls, columns and brackets, and other decorations of the room.

Adjoining the chapel, on the western side of the hall, are found the "chaplain's room," and various bed-rooms and compartments, one of them

Again crossing the lower court, we re-enter the banquetting-hall, and passing out by the staircase which ascends from thence, we approach the "long gallery," or "ball-room," the especial pride and glory of the hall. This gallery is reached by a flight of semi-circular steps of solid oak, cut from the root of a single tree, which grew in the Park of Haddon. The same tree is said to have furnished the whole of the timber for the floor of the gallery, which is one hundred and nine and one-half feet in length, and eighteen in width.

This apartment extends the entire length of the south side of the upper court, and is carried out into the winter garden beyond.

It is wainscoted with oak paneling, in a series of semi-circular arches, alternately large and small, divided with pilasters with foliated capitals, and surmounted by a frieze and a turreted and battlemented cornice. These decorations are in remarkably good architectural character. Interspersed in the design are the peacock and boar's head, the crests of the Manners and Vernon families. The ceiling of the room is covered with an exquisitely designed geometric tracery, consisting of squares, lozenges, quatrefoils, etc., beautifully foliated at their points, and containing shields of arms and crests. This ceiling was originally painted and gilt in a very rich manner. In the centre of the south side of this magnificent apartment is a large recessed window, fifteen feet by twelve, while on either side of this are two recessed or bay windows. The entire east end is taken up by a strongly stone-mullioned window. In the recessed windows are the royal arms of England, and the arms of the families who have occupied the hall, in stained glass. On the northern side are two windows overlooking the upper court, and a richly-decorated fireplace. Near the eastern end of this splendid apartment is a finely-ornamented doorway opening into the "ante-room," or "lord's parlor," as it is sometimes called.

The "ante-room," two centuries ago designated the "orange parlor," is a small room, hung with paintings, its cornice embellished with the crests of the Vernon and Manners families. It contains a strongly-barred door, leading down a flight of stone steps to the terrace and winter garden.

This door is the special object of interest to the visitor, since through it Dorothy Vernon, in the sixteenth century, took not only herself, but the very hall and estate appertaining, to the Manners family. Dorothy's sister Margaret was betrothed, with the approval of her family, to Sir Thomas

Stanley, second son of the Earl of Derby; while Dorothy had formed an attachment to John Manners, a younger son of the Earl of Rutland—an attachment which was opposed by her father, sister and stepmother. Young Manners, disguised as a forester, kept in the neighborhood of the hall, in order that he might get glimpses of, and obtain stolen interviews with, his beloved. At length, as the marriage of her sister was being celebrated with much pomp and merry-making, Dorothy quietly passed from the ball-room into the ante-room, stole out of the door and down the flight of steps to the terrace, which she crossed,



ANTE-ROOM TO THE EARL'S BED-ROOM.

and then ascended the steps on the other side, where her lover was in waiting for her. Mounting behind him on his horse, they both sped off through the moonlight into the adjoining shire, where they were married the next morning. Either the stern parent relented, and forgave his runaway daughter, or else the property was entailed; for young John made a good night's work of it, having secured the future heiress of Haddon Hall, and all the broad acres belonging to it, which, after the death of her father, left the possession of the Vernons, and passed into that of the Manners. A modern poet has put the story into verse, in the following manner:

"The green old turrets, all ivy-thatch,  
Above the cedars that girdle them, rise,  
The pleasant glow of the sunshine catch,  
And outline sharp on the bluest of skies.

"All is silent within and around;  
The ghostly house and the ghostly trees  
Sleep in the heat, with never a sound  
Of human voices or freshening breeze.

"It is night with never a star,  
And the hall with revelry throbs and gleams;  
There grates a hinge—the door is ajar—  
And a shaft of light in the darkness streams.

"A faint, sweet voice, a glimmering gem,  
And then two figures steal into light;  
A flash, and darkness has swallowed them—  
So sudden is Dorothy Vernon's flight!"

Beyond the ante-room, which Dorothy Vernon's escapade has made forever famous, is the "state bed-room," with its high, canopied bed. The walls are hung with Gubellin's tapestry, the subjects being illustrations from *Æsop's fables*. A large recessed window lights the room. The most remarkable feature of the apartment is the bed itself. This is fourteen feet, six inches in height. It is hung with green velvet, and covered with white satin, heavily embroidered. The needle-work on the bed and canopy is supposed to date

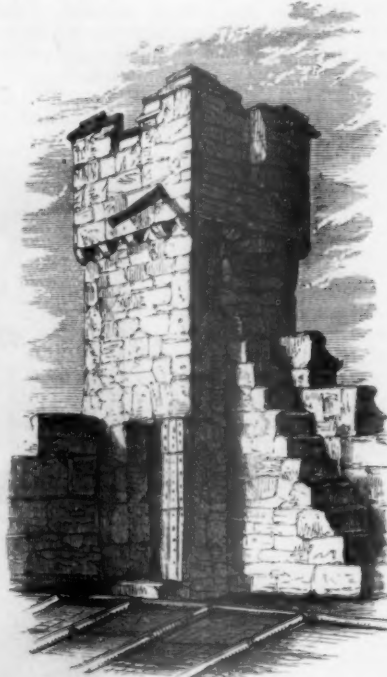


DOROTHY VERNON'S DOOR—INTERIOR VIEW.

back to the fifteenth century. This bed was once removed to Belvoir Castle, but was subsequently restored to Hadden. The last person who ever slept in it was George IV., when prince regent, who occupied it during a visit to Belvoir Castle.

The north-western corner of the hall is occupied

by the "Eagle Tower," or "Peveril Tower," as it is sometimes called. A spiral stone staircase of seventy steps leads to the top of this tower, where the view obtained of the surrounding landscape is very fine. The stone steps of this staircase are some of them so worn by the many generations



THE PEVERIL TOWER.

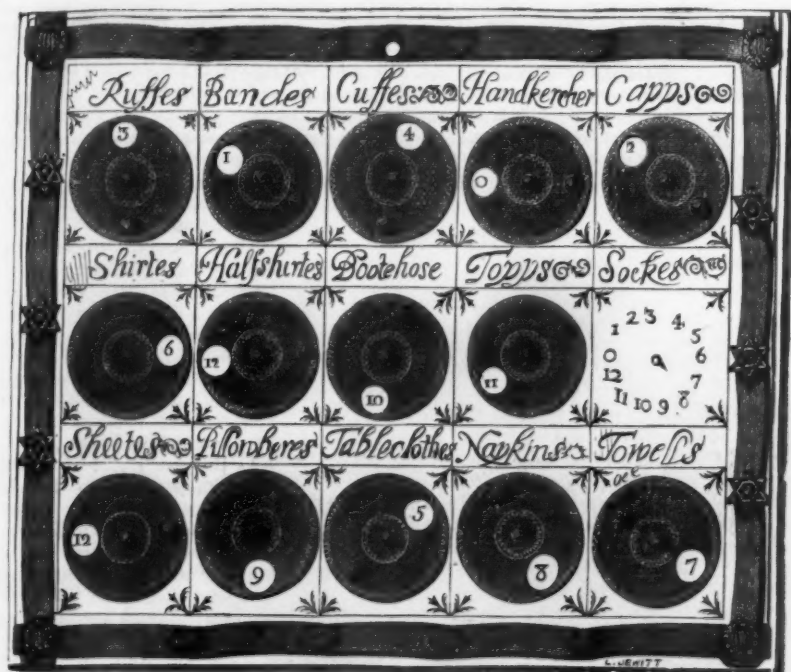
of feet which have ascended them, that they have had, in some instances, to be replaced by wooden ones.

The northern part of this extended structure is occupied by the immense kitchen, and other numerous offices, made necessary by an unbounded hospitality. It is said that one of its former owners had no less than seventy servants, to wait upon himself and his guests. The kitchen and adjoining rooms are fitted up in a marvellous manner, for the requirements of hospitality on a most unlimited scale.

One of the curiosities still preserved in the place is a "washing-tally," which was found behind the wainscoting in the "chaplain's room." The tally is divided into fifteen squares, in each of which is a dial numbering from 0 to 12, and above each square is the name of the article of clothing intended to be taken into account. On each of the dials is a circular brass indicator, fastened by a little pin in its centre, so as to be turned around at pleasure. Each indicator has a round hole on one side, through which one number only on the dial is visible at a time.

The grounds immediately adjacent to the hall are laid out into quite a complication of gardens and terraces. Below the lower garden is a long





WASHING-TALLY.



DOROTHY VERNON'S DOOR—EXTERIOR VIEW.

flight of steps leading down the hillside to the little bridge which spans the Wye. The upper garden is a lawn, with a broad gravel walk running round it and through its centre. A wide flight of stone steps, with stone balustrades, leads to the terrace and winter garden. The terrace extends the full width of the winter garden, and connects with the end of the long gallery. From this terrace is obtained one of the finest views of

is two miles distant from the hall, up the valley of the Wye. A church has existed on this spot from an extremely early period, and the present structure, exceedingly old in some of its parts, may be a remodeling of the more ancient building. It is cruciform in shape, about one hundred and fifty feet in length from east to west, by about one hundred and five feet in width. At the west end is a fine Norman doorway, ornamented with beak-head mouldings, and other characteristic features.

The part of Bakewell Church which is deserving of special attention is the Vernon Chapel, which is divided from the south transept by a beautiful oak screen. This chapel was erected about 1360. In the centre of this chapel stands a fine altar-tomb to Sir George Vernon, the "king of the peak," and Dorothy's father. At the south end of the chapel is the monument to Dorothy and her husband. Other monuments, tombs, memorials and inscriptions will attract the attention of the visitor, some of them of indifferent artistic excellence, while others are worthy of close inspection in themselves.

Haddon Hall has been made the scene of many romances and poems, while artists have drawn inspiration from its picturesque beauty. Mrs. Radcliffe made it the scene of her "Mysteries of Udolpho;" Allan Cunningham, the Countess Carabrella, and numberless other authors have taken author's and poet's license with its walls. Sir George Vernon was the subject of William Bennet's novel, "The King of the Peak." The present Duke of Rutland, who has a shooting box in the neighborhood, freely opens the gates of the hall to all

comers, while he keeps the stately edifice in good order, and thus wards off the destroying hand of time.

**GOLDEN SILENCE.**—"A pain forgotten is a pain cured," is a proverb we have never heard, but we think it would be a good one. We know more than one person who cherishes ailments, and of them makes a never-failing topic of conversation, which is never agreeable, and ceases to be interesting to others after a time. If the purpose of such conversation is to obtain sympathy, it certainly fails of its object. When one is really suffering, a regard for the feelings of friends would cause one to be very careful not to talk about it unnecessarily; for what is more distressing than to witness pain which one has no power to alleviate, and to be continually reminded of sorrows which cannot be assuaged?



BAKEWELL CHURCH.

the hall. The winter garden is planted with yew trees, which are gnarled and knotted with the growth of centuries. It extends around to the north side of the gallery, and here, in this secluded corner, shaded by the overhanging branches of a grand old yew tree, is "Dorothy Vernon's door," which leads from the ante-room already described.

Dorothy, when she made that midnight flight, after descending the steps which led from the door to the winter garden, passed along the northern border of that garden to a long flight of stone steps which led up to another and considerably higher terrace, where she found her lover awaiting her. This upper terrace is a broad promenade or pathway, passing between an avenue of lofty lime and sycamore trees. It is a shady, secluded spot, and is known as "Dorothy Vernon's walk."

A spot of almost equal interest to Haddon Hall, is the church where the long succession of Vernons and Mannors lie buried. Bakewell Church

## MADAME DE STAEL.

BY E. CHARDON.

THE name of Madame de Stael stands recorded upon history as a refutation of the statement of the unthinking or prejudiced, that women cannot honorably distinguish themselves in literature or politics. Madame was the companion of the first philosophers and savants of

woman of narrow mind and contracted ideas, who in vain strove to repress the genius of her brilliant daughter, within the conventional limits prescribed for her French young ladyhood. The daughter was, from the first, the very incarnation of genius and of impulse, and was not only precocious, but her vivacity and vehemence, both of intellect and temperament, burst all bounds, and rendered utterly futile the mother's attempt to



her age, the co-worker of the most active politicians, and the author of political, historical, critical and biographical works, as well as romances, each and all of which entitled her to a high place in the world of letters.

Anna Louisa Germaine Necker was born at Paris in the year 1776. Her father was M. Necker, the eminent financier and minister of finance in France, before the revolution. Her mother was a

mould her to her own will. She was more fortunate in her father, who better appreciated the genius of his child, and did all he could to develop it. For this father she retained a most extraordinary affection and admiration throughout her life. His position in the government brought him into close relations with the most noted men and women of the day, and their society was an especial advantage to his young daughter, and had

an important influence on the formation of her mind and character. While other girls of her age were still in the nursery, busy with the sports of childhood, she was listening with interest and attention to the conversation of Marmontel, Raynal, and other authors, and astonishing and delighting them in turn with her own wit and wisdom. At the age of fourteen, her health being somewhat impaired, she was sent into the country to recover it; and there she enjoyed much more freedom from restraint. Her favorite author, at this period of her life, was Jean Jacques Rousseau.

In 1786, when in the twentieth year of her age, she was married to Eric, Baron de Stael, Swedish Ambassador to the French Court. It was a marriage of convenience, arranged probably by her parents, the only reasons given for it being that De Stael was a Protestant, and intended to reside permanently at Paris. Her husband was much older than herself, and they had few tastes in common; therefore it is not strange that the union was not a satisfactory one. By this marriage she had one son and one daughter. The former succeeded to the title of baron after the death of his father, and possessed tolerable literary abilities, was an earnest advocate of the abolition of the slave trade, and exhibited much interest in the practical welfare of the rural population. The daughter became the Duchess de Broglie. Neither of these children inherited the full measure of their mother's genius.

About the time of her marriage, the Baroness de Stael wrote a comedy, entitled, "Sophia," and two tragedies, "Lady Jane Grey" and "Montmorency." Two years later she published her "Letters on the Writings and Character of J. J. Rousseau," which displayed such a profound insight into the character of the man, and so much critical ability, that she at once became the object of public notice.

While she was still in her early womanhood, and the public were just beginning to recognize her abilities, arose the disturbances in the social and political world which preceded the French Revolution. The young baroness became exceedingly interested in the political movement; and during the ascendancy of Robespierre, made a zealous endeavor to save the life of the unfortunate queen—an effort which nearly cost her her own. She wrote and published a powerful and eloquent "Defense of the Queen," which so enraged the populace that she only escaped from their fury by a happy combination of circumstances. Nothing daunted, she still gave her endeavors to the rescue of proscribed persons whom she considered as suffering unjustly, and succeeded in saving a number from the guillotine, among them the Count de Narbonne.

At the overthrow of the monarchy, her husband's ambassadorship came to an end; therefore, in 1793, she retired to London, where she resided for a time, in company with Talleyrand, the Count de Narbonne, and other French exiles. Two years later she returned to Paris, Sweden having recognized the French republic, and again sent her husband thither as ambassador. She lived happily in her native city for four years, the ardent

friend of constitutional liberty, and a recognized power in political circles. It was through her influence with Barras, who was her personal friend, that Talleyrand was appointed minister of foreign affairs. She was, in fact, the leading spirit of a party whose chief orator was Benjamin Constant. She had been an ardent admirer of Bonaparte until they met, in 1797, when her admiration changed to aversion. No doubt the clear-seeing woman penetrated the ambitious designs of the then general of the French army, and perceived that republican France had much to fear from him. Bonaparte, on his side, took an equal dislike to the brilliant lady, who was the undoubted queen of the salons of Paris. The jealousy which he displayed toward her was an open acknowledgment of her influence in the politics of the country. In 1801, when he had attained the first consulship, he banished her from Paris, and forbade her to reside within forty leagues of that city. During this banishment, she visited Germany, Prussia and Italy. She formed the acquaintance of Goethe, Schiller and Schlegel. The brilliancy of her conversation won her admirers everywhere, while the rapidity with which she could discourse on the most profound topics, needing herself no time for reflection, and not seeming to comprehend that others were not alike gifted with an active and ready mind, made her sometimes a little difficult, and consequently tiresome, to converse with.

Returning to France, though still avoiding the capital, she published her first romance, "Delphine." This work, and a tract from the pen of M. Necker, her father, which appeared about the same time, entitled "*Les Dernieres Vues de Politique et de Finance*," gave so much offense to Napoleon that, in 1803, he banished her completely from his territories.

From the time of this banishment, until the downfall of the empire and the retirement of Bonaparte to Elba, she did not return to her favorite Paris, but spent the period in visiting Moscow, Stockholm and London. After the battle of Waterloo, she returned to Paris to reside, and in 1810 published her capital book on "Germany," which Sir J. Mackintosh, in the *Edinburgh Review*, designates as "a work which, for variety of knowledge, flexibility of power, elevation of view and comprehension of mind, is unequalled among the works of women, and which, in the union of the graces of society and literature with the genius of philosophy, is not surpassed by many among those of men." Goethe says of the same work that it "ought to be considered a powerful battery which made a wide breach in the sort of wall raised up between the two nations by superannuated prejudices."

Madame de Stael's husband, from whom she had separated a few years after their marriage—since there was no union of sentiment and feeling between them—had died in 1802; and in 1811 she privately married M. de Rocca, a young Italian, and an officer in the French army. She had a son by this union; but the secret of the marriage was preserved until after her death, which occurred in 1817.

"Corinne" is her most remarkable romance;



while "Considerations on Literature," "Ten Years of Exile," "Considerations on the French Revolution," and "Dramatic Essays," have given her a lasting place in the literature of France.

### CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

OR, THE SNOW BIRD.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

THE merry, merry Christmas bell!  
With mocking chime its music fell  
On one dear mother-heart!

No row of little shoes was there,  
No ruddy flame to warm the air,  
No watching child to start

At creak of footstep on the snow,  
No whisperings very sweet and low,  
Of lips that guessed, and guessed,  
If 'twere the Christ-child's tiny tread,  
Or some good angel in its stead,  
That near the window pressed.

The mother-hand could do no more  
Than keep the gaunt wolf from the door.  
Instead of Christmas chime,  
She heard the wind and fancied tread  
Of the gaunt wolf of want: for bread  
Was scarce at supper-time.

She did not pray; a dumb despair  
Sometimes e'en loving heart may wear,  
But worked right on and on.  
Still softer than the noise she made  
With thread in the coarse seaming laid,  
There came a sound anon;

A whirring, little, flut'ring sound,  
That made her start, and look around,  
And lo! a tiny bird  
Was on the hearth, where the coals died  
Out, at the close of eventide;  
The brown wings softly stirred.

It had sought shelter in the old  
Wide chimney from the bitter cold.  
Mayhap its tiny feet  
Slipped from their perch, mayhap 'twas meant  
The bird should be as angel sent  
With message very sweet,

To that dear mother-heart; she took  
The brown bird in her hand, to look  
At the wee helpless thing.  
She felt it pant beneath her palm,  
And felt her own heart grow more calm  
At touch of the small wing.

A little text her child-heart knew  
Her trembling lips were whispering through,  
About the Father's care  
Of the sweet birds so weak and small;  
She softly said "'Not one shall fall'  
Or perish anywhere

"Without our Father." Then there stirred  
In her home-nest her bonny bird—  
Her youngest, helpless babe.  
And "dumb despair" to sweet trust grew;  
The loving Father surely knew  
Where her home-nest was made.

Who hears the young birds when they cry,  
He would not let her children die,  
And loving hearts so near.  
Her nestlings in His tender keep  
Were safe from all the storms that sweep  
And surely very dear.

And Christmas chiming seemed to steal  
Into her soul, and make it feel

That one warm, common chord  
Was trembling in all hearts, and she  
Had place at feast of joy to be  
In memory of our Lord.

### OLD HEARTH STONES,

AND THE TALES THEY TOLD.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

"I WISH Tom and I could afford to make a bridal tour," said a charming girl-friend to me the very morning after her marriage, "but he is poor, and I am poor, so we have concluded to go right on with our respective employment—he will build houses and I will teach school, and we will conduct our business affairs in a quiet, careful, matter-of-fact way, just as though we were not married yet."

"But, Annie, what will folks say? no cards, and no trip, and no fuss at all," said I, drawing my brows in a disappointed, thoughtful way. "Seems as if there should be some kind of a demonstration, if Tom were only to take you down to Tucker's Hollow to see the stable in which old Billy McCutcheon hung himself."

At this we both laughed heartily.

"Now, if you were in my place," said Annie, with a roguish sparkle in her sunny, brown eyes, "you'd improve this rare occasion by visiting some old cave that had once been the stronghold of a band of robbers, or counterfeiters, or the site of an old cabin whose inmates had been murdered, or a pond in which a luckless spinster had drowned herself, now wouldn't you?"

"Why, Annie! Annie!" said I, "I have it now; strange I didn't think of it before! Don't your affectionate Tom keep a horse and carriage? and isn't the turn-out at your disposal any day?"

"Yes, but what of that?" said she, laughing.

"Why," I replied, "let's you and I take a small bridal tour instead of you and Tom. I have always wanted to visit the place where the Copus and Seymour families were killed by the Indians, long ago in the first settlement of this country. Now, you are a capital driver, Annie; come take me and we'll have such a nice day all by our two dear selves."

And that was the way it came about. That long day in the gorgeous October time, among the hills a-flame with golden tints, and scarlet, and yellow, and brown, and blazing crimson, was one of the gala days of my girlhood. We drove all those beautiful miles, up and down hills, in brookside valleys, among the sweet-smelling, silent maples, that looked like giant torches, down into fairy dells, moss-framed ravines, and along winding roads thickly sown with softly falling leaves, and

we two dear friends just alone with ourselves and all this magnificent autumn beauty.

We both said, then, and in after years, that no couple ever enjoyed a bridal tour as we did ours that day.

We found the Copus place and stopped there. A very neat little white cottage, nestling at the foot of one of the wildest hills I had ever seen. A noisy fountain poured out its crystal stream near the cottage porch, a flower garden crept close up beside the house, and an old, old orchard of Johnny Appleseed's planting threw its cool shade over the back-yard and the plat of carefully-tended grass and shrubbery.

It was a beautiful place, and yet to me it was as solemn and sacred as a cemetery. I felt like stepping softly and with bared head and low voice. It almost seemed to me that a wily savage was skulking behind those old girdled bare trees on that steep hillside. I imagined I could see their top-knots of feathers and rude adornments as they slyly peered round the trees preparatory to taking aim.

We went into the cottage and were met by a sad-faced woman, who was doing up her morning's work with a wet-eyed baby sitting on her hip like a clinging chimney-swallow that had fallen from its out-grown nest. I took the little one a moment "to spell" the mother, and introduced my friend and myself.

"Why, lawful sakes!" said she, beaming out into a smile, "you're kin to my man, if you're Rozelly; I've hearn him talk about Cozint Sally's children this many a year, so I have. You are just as near cozint to my man as there's any need of. Lawful sakes! 'pears like I can see a resemblance. Sure enough! the same black eyebrows and a kind of a pert look about the nose and upper lip."

And before I had time to shake the wrinkles out of my duster, the woman had stepped out on the piazza and blown the little tin horn that hung on its smooth peg beside the door, and a swarthy, jolly, noisy, good man had come in from the corn-field, and was shaking me most cordially.

Our horse was stabled in spite of our entreaties to the contrary, and in less than half an hour a couple of fat hens lay prone and dead upon their backs with their yellow legs sticking up in the air, while near them, on a low bench, stood a peck of sweet potatoes fresh from the soft, sandy soil at the base of the old hill.

Annie and I climbed the hill and looked abroad upon the finest stretch of landscape in all the country round. Why, the very rocks on the top of that hill were cushioned with deep dark emerald mosses until they were soft enough for an invalid to recline upon.

If I ever walk under the palms in Heaven with my friend, I anticipate the same blessed companionship that we two enjoyed that long-ago day up on the breezy heights in that delightfully balmy, secluded, sylvan spot. Everything combined together to render our tour an exquisitely charming one.

At the dinner-table we met an elderly man who had been specially invited, or, rather, brought

there with a genial and generous forthwith summons—one of the members of the original Copus family. He was my ideal of a man reared in the backwoods in those days in which the "times tried men's souls." He was very candid and ingenuous and his manners were pleasant and his conversation entertaining.

I said: "Come and show me where the old cabin stood; let me stand upon its site while you tell me the story that to you is an old, old story."

We went out a few steps beyond the fountain, and the old man said: "You see down in among the flags and sedge grass and wild balsam yon heap—well, there's the old hath stuns, the last relics of our cabin, the very hath on which my father fell killed by the pesky Indians."

I picked out my way along the fountain brook, stepping on clumps of grass with firmly knotted roots, on stones and hummocks, until I was near enough to leap over the swampy ground and alight on the pile of hearth stones. A few broad stones lay with the half-smooth surface upturned, but the wild meadow grass, and nettles, and flags, and buckwheat vines overran the heap and made it appear almost like a rudely-tended grave.

I have told you that no tragical, or mournful, or touching poem reaches my heart and takes hold on the impressible part of my nature like the heap of hearth stones, relics of a once happy and prosperous home.

As I stood upon them they seemed like tablets written all over with the tales of other days, almost like huge folios waiting to be read.

And this was the story the old man told me, but it is shorn of its interest and the exceeding pathos that pervaded it because I cannot give it in his peculiarly simple, natural, touching style. You can imagine the tall old man with bronzed face and gray eyes, that, as his story increased in interest, turned steel-gray, and violet, and sometimes black, with his slouch hat pushed back from his bold brow, his horny hands twitching and working convulsively, and his every motion the very perfection of an eloquence that was stronger than language.

His parents, with a family of seven children, moved there in the year 1800, from Green County, Pennsylvania. They lived in peace with the Indians for a period of nearly three years, during that time Mr. Copus visited their villages frequently and on several occasions preached to them.

This was during the war between Great Britain and the United States, and many of the tribes were rising up against the whites and showing signs of hostility. An officer called upon Mr. Copus and conferred with him as to the feasibility of securing those Indians inhabiting the village near him, or persuading them to throw themselves under the protection of the government, and wanted Mr. Copus to use his influence in a peaceable manner to press upon them a surrender, and their rights, lives and property should be protected.

After a time they gave up, their property was invoiced, and they placed themselves under the protection of the officer and his soldiers and commenced their line of march for some place in the western part of the State.

This was all done in good faith by both parties, but before the poor Indians were out of sight of their beautiful village and grounds, the soldiers who were left in charge of their property set fire to the wigwams and devastated the homes they loved so well.

The poor, trusting creatures looked back and saw the smoke, and a spirit of vengeance and bitterness took possession of their hearts, and they inwardly vowed revenge.

A few days afterward, an occasional Indian was seen skulking about in the woods near the Copus place. The family were somewhat alarmed because they knew the Indians were distant from them, and if all was well there would be no prowling, but the usual freedom of intercourse. Mr. Copus became uneasy and sent word to the nearest block-house for a small detachment of soldiers to be detailed and stationed there. One night a few soldiers were there, and as the weather was sultry they proposed sleeping in the barn, which was a short distance from the house. To this Mr. Copus demurred—a presentiment hung over him like a cloud of impending danger, but the boys only laughed at his fears and proceeded to sleep in the barn. Very early in the morning they rose and came down to the fountain to wash. To this their host objected, but without avail. They leaned their rifles up against the side of the cabin, and while washing the mingled yells of forty-five painted savages broke in upon the ears of the soldiers. They heard the terrific yells and seeing the cabin surrounded by the Indians, they attempted to escape. Two were caught and murdered on the spot, the third being fleet of foot distanced his pursuers, who, finding it impossible to overtake him, fired upon him, one ball passing through his bowels and the other through his foot. He ran about half a mile, and was found, eight weeks afterward, his body resting against a tree and his handkerchief stuffed into the cruel wound.

The fourth man, like an infuriated tiger, rushed past the savages and escaped into the house with a bullet in his thigh.

On hearing the alarm, Mr. Copus sprang from his bed, seized his rifle and partially opened the door just as the wounded soldier entered. At that instant a rifle ball passed through the centre of his bosom, and staggering backward, he fell upon the broad hearth, crying out, "I am a dead man, but fight like heroes and save yourselves and my family." His frightened wife and daughter helped him upon the bed, and in a few minutes he breathed his last.

The rifle of the dead man had been discharged, and as a dead Indian lay across the fence before the door, it was supposed that they fired simultaneously and fatally.

Several balls had penetrated the door, and the remaining soldiers inside tore up the puncheon floor and piled it against the door. The firing was now incessant. With every volley that was poured in upon the cabin came more than forty yells, but the savages were compelled by the returning fire to keep at a little distance. The distracted mother and little children were all up in the loft crouch-

ing down in anxious fear and horror. Only one of the family was touched by a bullet—a small girl was shot in the leg. One of the soldiers had an arm broken by a ball while he was taking out a chinking in the wall that he might fire through.

The battle lasted from early dawn till ten in the forenoon, when the Indians, finding that they could not succeed, raised a deafening yell, gathered up their dead and wounded—nine in number—and retreated from the plucky little cabin.

A flock of sheep stood huddled together in a scared way on the top of the steep bluff among the rocks. The Indians fired upon them, and they came tumbling down to the very foot of the hill.

One dead savage lay so near the cabin door that his companions did not succeed in getting his body. The poor soldier who was wounded came hopping out, and in his rage he cut off the Indian's legs and threw them on top of the cabin roof, saying, when they were dry they would make prime whetstones.

In a few hours one of the men went to the nearest block-house, and came back with a detachment of soldiers, who guarded the poor widow and little ones, and escorted them to the block-house as the only place of safety.

The dead bodies of the father and the soldier were hurriedly buried in a shallow grave out in the orchard, where their dust remains to this day. The family removed to one of the southern counties in the State, and lived there three or four years, and when they returned to the ill-fated cabin the poignancy of their sorrow was healed, and they began life in the wilderness anew.

This was the story in brief that the sturdy old backwoodsman told me that golden October day as I stood on the heap of old hearthstones, with the fountain rill tinkling musically among the flags and meadow grasses beside me.

I borrowed the old man's jack-knife, redolent with tobacco, and climbed half way up the side of the hill, and cut from an old gray girdled gum tree some of the rough, knobby bark, which I gave the bride Annie for a keepsake. Behind that tree one of the savages was hidden during the carnage, and his head was observed peering round slyly, but he peeped once too often, for it made a splendid mark for a rifleshot. The old man said when that Indian was shot his body seemed to spring ten feet into the air, and he came down like a chimney in a gale.

Oh, as I stood spell-bound listening to that terrible narrative, I envied that old man his wonderful gift of word-painting! What were good grammar, well-selected words, fine expression, or any of these so-called necessary requirements, compared to his marvellous skill and nicety of description! His diction was so natural, and easy, and life-like, and charming.

Years later, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of the wife of the murdered man, and of the daughter who was wounded, then a mere babe. Women don't like to have their little tea-table talks made public; these noble and lovable women so shrank from publicity, that I do not dare uncover that one beautiful and carefully-treasured memory—my visit in that lowly cottage

among the grapevines, purple with luscious clusters; a nest of a cot among the flowers of their own tender planting. A beautiful memory is that.

In another ripe October time I stood again in the white cottage, and listened to the lullaby of the fountain whose tragic association has given it a place in the history of pioneer life in my own State; and this time I stood beside the death-bed of the old man whose story I have so imperfectly related. I stepped softly into the quiet bed-room; his eyes were closed, and the pallor of death overspread his face, which had grown strangely fine and clearly cut and beautiful. Suddenly his eyes opened, and his little laugh of greeting had no ring or music in it, but he reached out his thin hand with a "Why, sis, did you come? You don't know how glad the poor old man is to see you again! I remember you, child. I told you all about the fight with the Indians, didn't I? And how they killed my father; shot 'im down in a trice, an' he fell on the hathstuns, and mother and Hanner took 'im up. Well—well—well—sis, we've other foes to fight that are wuss 'an the Indians. There's one old foe that can't be sarcumented nohow, an' that is Death. Well—well."

My heart was touched with pity as I looked upon that old white face among the white pillows, and I laid a kiss reverently upon it as I turned away to see it on earth no more forever.

### A BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

BY J. E. M'C.

THERE is no kind of literature that pleases the mass of readers more than personal incidents connected with the private life of those who have been prominently before the world. Autobiographies are eagerly caught up, but, perhaps, there is a grain more of spice about a biography, where liberal use has been made of the private journals and letters of the victim. No doubt many a distinguished man has felt a keen sympathy with Dr. Johnson, who, when told that Boswell was getting ready to write his life, growled out: "If I thought there was any danger of that, I would make it impossible by taking his own."

It requires a delicacy far above the average to take such a matter in hand. Even the most intimate friend is tempted to overstep the bounds of friendly reserve, in the desire to write what the gossiping public ear would so dearly love to hear. Many, like Charlotte Elizabeth, have sought to foretell any such invasion of private rights by writing an autobiography. She gives her views very clearly of this matter of biographers, and says she has more than once committed to the flames a package of dearly-prized letters written by a friend, who could never pen another, simply because she knew she should be importuned to give them up for publication. Such a breach of confidence and unkindness to the dead, she felt to be without excuse.

Who has read a biography without feeling that much was put in which the subject would gladly have kept back? How much better or happier was any one made by knowing all the peevish and sharp things which the courtly old Baron von

Humbolt said, at times, in his most private letters about this or that one who visited him? yet how many were angered by having these letters displayed to the world.

If we are favored with the intimacy of any distinguished person, common civility, not to say kindness, should induce us to withhold from the public facts and letters which they would desire us to hold sacred and bury deep.

### A BALKY HORSE.

BY M. O. J.

THE idea seems to be gaining ground with those who have the management and driving of horses, that, even when decidedly "contrary" or "balky," it is worse than useless to whip them. The following incident, bearing upon this point, is true.

A gentleman bought a horse at a very low price on account of this one fault. He was handsome, sound, and in other respects valuable. He proved to be just what his former owner had said he was—kind and good usually, but when he chose to stop he would stand as long as he pleased, in spite of anything. There were a number of scars on the poor animal, the result of poundings. His new owner did not add to these, but tried a different way.

One day the horse, without the slightest apparent reason, stopped on the brow of a hill, and no amount of coaxing could induce him to move. (It should be mentioned that he was always well fed and watered, not overloaded or ill-treated in any way. But the *old habit* remained, no doubt the result of unkind or injudicious treatment in former days.) His master, after coaxing him, as it seemed to no purpose, quietly waited. Before long the horse showed a willingness to move. It was a very cold day. But the gentleman then was not ready. After facing the north wind awhile, when he again told the horse to go the order was obeyed with alacrity, and the balking was never repeated.

Oftentimes the horse proves himself superior to the man that drives him. An instance of this occurred a few months ago at Dubuque, Iowa. A man, so intoxicated that he could not even keep on his feet, was attempting to lead his horse. He fell down several times; every time the horse stopped, took his coat in her teeth, careful not to bite him, however, and set him on his feet. After awhile he met a man he was acquainted with, also the worse for liquor, and the two were soon quarrelling. The other man knocked him down. Instantly his horse picked him up, and then turning suddenly, let her heels fly at the man who had knocked him down. And this horse is only one of a great multitude worthy respect and regard which cannot be accorded to their owners.

A SOUND philosopher once said: "He that thinks innocent pastime foolish has either to grow wiser, or is past the ability to do so; and I have always counted it an impudent fiction that playfulness is inconsistent with greatness. Many men and women have died of dignity."





## WAITING.

“ONLY waiting till the shadows  
 Are a little longer grown;  
 Only waiting till the glimmer  
 Of the day's last beam is flown;  
 Till the night of earth is faded  
 From the heart once full of day;  
 Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
 Through the twilight soft and gray.

“Only waiting till the shadows  
 Are a little longer grown;  
 Only waiting till the glimmer  
 Of the day's last beam is flown;  
 Then, from out the gathered darkness,  
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
 By whose light my soul shall gladly  
 Tread its pathway to the skies.”



## The Story-Teller.

### DIDN'T LIKE HIS WIFE.

OUR minister is a favorite in the congregation; he's so approachable, so kind, so pleasant and sympathizing! Everybody likes him—the young and the old, the rich and the poor. And he's such an eloquent preacher! In all his private relations, as well as in his public ministries, he seems about as near perfection as

know from personal observation. But no one seemed to have a friendly feeling toward her. When I say no one, I refer to the ladies of our congregation. When Mr. Elmore was the subject of conversation, you would be almost certain to hear the remark, "Ah, if it wasn't for his wife." Or, "What a pity Mrs. Elmore isn't the right kind of a woman!" Or, "Isn't it a shame



can be hoped for on this earth. Now, that is saying a great deal for our minister.

But there is no unmixed good in this world. We are not permitted to enjoy our minister without the accompaniment of some unpleasant drawback. Mr. Elmore has a wife, and a minister's wife, it is well known, is not usually perfect in the eyes of the congregation. There was no exception to the rule in our case. Mrs. Elmore was no favorite. What the real trouble was I did not

that he has a wife so poorly fitted for her position?"

So the changes rang. Mr. Elmore had been our minister for over a year, and during that time very little had been seen of his wife in a social way. The ladies of the congregation had called upon her, and she had received them kindly and politely, but with a certain distance in her manner that repelled rather than attracted. In every case she returned these calls, but when repeated, failed in

that prompt reciprocation which her visitors expected. There are, in all congregations, certain active, patronizing ladies, who like to manage things, to be deferred to, and to make their influence felt on all around them. The wife of our previous minister, a weak and facile woman, had been entirely in their hands, and was, of course, a great favorite. But Mrs. Elmore was a different character altogether. You saw by the poise of her head—by the steadiness of her clear, dark blue eyes—and by the firmness of her delicate mouth, that she was a woman of independent thought, purpose and self-reliance. Polite and kind in her intercourse with the congregation, there was, withal, a coldness of manner that held you at a certain distance, as surely as if a barrier had been interposed.

It was a serious trouble with certain ladies of the congregation, this peculiarity in the minister's wife. How he could ever have married a woman of her temperament was regarded as a mystery. He so genial—she so cold; he so approachable by every one—she so constrained; he all alive for the church—and she seemingly indifferent to everything but her own family. If she had been the lawyer's wife, or the doctor's wife, or the wife of a merchant, she might have been as distant and exclusive as she pleased; but for the minister's wife! Oh, dear! it was terrible!

I had heard so much said about Mrs. Elmore, that, without having met her familiarly, or knowing anything about her from personal observation, I took for granted the general impression as true.

Last week one of my lady friends, a member of Mr. Elmore's congregation, called in to see me. I asked her to take off her bonnet and sit for the afternoon. But she said: "No; I have called for you to go with me to Mrs. Elmore's."

"I have not been in the habit of visiting her," was my answer.

"No matter," was replied, "she's our minister's wife, and it's your privilege to call on her."

"It might not be agreeable," I suggested; "you know she is peculiar."

"Not agreeable to the minister's wife to have a lady of the congregation call on her!" and my friend put on an air of surprise.

"She's only a woman, after all," I remarked, "and may have her likes and dislikes, her peculiarities and preferences, as well as other people. And I'm sure that I have no desire to intrude upon her."

"Intrusion! How you talk! An intrusion to call on our minister's wife! Well, that sounds beautiful, don't it? I wouldn't say that again. Come, put on your bonnet. I want your company and am going to have it."

I made no further objection, and went with my lady friend to call on Mrs. Elmore. We sent up our names, and were shown into her neat little parlor, where we sat nearly five minutes before she came down.

"She takes her own time," remarked my companion.

If the tone of voice in which this was said had been translated into a sentence it would have read

thus: "She's mighty independent for a minister's wife."

I did not like the manner, nor the remark of my friend, and so kept silent. Soon, there was a light step on the stairs, the rustle of garments near the door, and then Mrs. Elmore entered the room where we were sitting. She received us kindly, but not with wordy expressions of pleasure. There was a mild, soft light in her eyes, and a pleasant smile on her delicately arching lips. We entered into conversation, which was a little constrained on her part; but whether this was from coldness or diffidence I could not decide. I think she did not, from some cause, feel entirely at her ease. A remark in the conversation gave my companion the opportunity of saying what I think she had come to say.

"That leads me to suggest, Mrs. Elmore, that, as our minister's wife, you hold yourself rather too far at a distance. You will pardon me for saying this, but as it is right that you should know how we feel on this subject, I have taken the liberty of being frank with you. Of course, I mean no offence, and I am sure you will not be hurt at an intimation given in all kindness."

I looked for a flash from Mrs. Elmore's clear, bright eyes, for red spots on her cheeks, for a quick curving of her flexible lips—but none of these signs of feeling were apparent. Calmly she looked into the face of her monitor, and when the above sentence was completed, answered in a quiet tone of voice: "I thank you for having spoken so plainly. Of course, I am not offended. But I regret to learn that any one has found cause of complaint against me. I have not meant to be cold or distant, but my home-duties are many and various, and take most of my time and thoughts."

"But, my dear madam," was answered to this, with some warmth, "you forget that for a woman in your position there are duties beyond the home circle which may not be omitted."

"In my position?" Mrs. Elmore's calm eyes rested in the face of my companion with a look of inquiry. "I am not sure that I understand you."

"You are the wife of our minister."

"I am aware of that." I thought I saw a twinkle in Mrs. Elmore's eyes.

"Well, ma'am, doesn't that involve some duties beyond the narrow circle of home?"

"No more than the fact of your being a merchant's wife involves you in obligations that reach beyond the circle of your home. My husband is your minister, and, as such, you have claims upon him. I think he is doing his duty earnestly and conscientiously. I am his wife and the mother of his children, and, as such, I too am trying to do my duty earnestly and conscientiously. There are immortal souls committed to my care, and I am endeavoring to train them up for Heaven."

"I think you misapprehend your relation to the church," was replied to this, but not in the confident manner in which the lady had at first spoken.

"I have no relation to the church in any way different from yours, or that of other ladies in the congregation," said Mrs. Elmore, with a

decision of tone that showed her to be in earnest.

"But you forget, madam, that you are the minister's wife."

"Not for a moment. I am the minister's wife, but not the minister. He is a servant of the congregation, but I am not!"

I glanced toward my friend, and saw that she looked bewildered and at fault. I think some new ideas were coming into her mind.

"Then, if I understand you," she said, "you are in no way interested in the spiritual welfare of your husband's congregation?"

"On the contrary," replied Mrs. Elmore, "I feel deeply interested. And I also feel interested in the spiritual welfare of other congregations. But I am only a wife and mother, and my chief duties are at home. If, time permitting, I can help in any good work outside of my home, I will put my hand to it cheerfully. But, home obligations are first with me. It is my husband's duty to minister in spiritual things—not mine. He engaged to preach for you, to administer the ordinances of the church, and to do faithfully all things required by his office. So far as I know, he gives satisfaction."

"Oh, dear—yes, indeed, *he* gives satisfaction!" was replied to this. "Nobody has a word to say against *him*."

A smile of genuine pleasure lit up the face of Mrs. Elmore. She sat very still for a few moments, and then, with the manner of one who had drawn back her thoughts from something agreeable, she said: "It is very pleasant for me to hear such testimony in regard to my husband. No one knows so well as I do how deeply his heart is in his work."

"And if you would only hold up his hands," suggested my friend.

"Help him to preach, do you mean?"

"Oh, no—no!" was ejaculated. "I don't mean that, of course." The warm blood mounted to the very forehead of my lady monitor.

Mrs. Elmore smiled briefly, and as the light faded from her countenance, said, in her grave, impressive way: "I trust we are beginning to understand each other. But I think a word or two more is required to make my position clear. In arranging for my husband's services, no stipulation was made in regard to mine. If the congregation expected services from me, the fact should have been stated. Then I would have communicated my view in the case, and informed the congregation that I had neither time nor taste for public duties. If this had not been satisfactory, the proposition to my husband could have been withdrawn. As it is, I stand unpledged beyond any lady in the parish; and what is more, shall remain unpledged. I claim no privileges, no rights, no superiority; I am only a woman, a wife and a mother—your sister and your equal—and as such I ask your sympathy, your kindness and your fellowship. If there are ladies in the congregation who have the time, the inclination and the ability to engage in the more public uses to be found in all religious societies, let them, by all means, take the precedence. They will have their

reward in just the degree that they act from purified Christian motives. As for me, my chief duties, as I have said before, lie at home, and, God being my helper, I will faithfully do them."

"Right, Mrs. Elmore, right!" said I, speaking for the first time, but with a warmth that showed my earnestness. "You have stated the case exactly. When we engaged your husband's services, nothing was stipulated, as you have said, in regard to yours, and I now see that no more can be justly required of you than of any other lady in the congregation. I give you my hand as an equal and a sister, and thank you for putting my mind right on a subject that has always been a little confused."

"She knows how to take her own part," said my companion, as we walked away from the house of our minister. Her manner was a little crest-fallen.

"She has right and common sense on her side," I answered, "and if we had a few more such minister's wives in our congregations, they would teach the people some lessons needful to be learned."

I was very favorably impressed with Mrs. Elmore on the occasion of this visit, and shall call to see her again right early. To think how much hard talk and uncharitable judgment there has been in regard to her; and all because, as a woman of good sense and clear perceptions, she understood her duty in her own way, and, as she understood it, performed it to the letter. I shall take good care to let her view of the case be known. She will rise at once in the estimation of all whose good opinion is worth having. We are done with complaints about our minister's wife, I trust. She has defined her position so clearly, that none but the most stupid or self-willed can fail to see where she stands.

T. S. A.

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

**R**OUND the pillared cedars twine  
Crimson wreaths of ivy-vine,  
Sprays as carven jewels bright,  
Ruby, jasper, chrysolite!  
Wide the oaks their branches spread,  
Vivid green or russet red;  
Cloth of gold the maples wear,  
Scarlet 'brodered, here and there!

Dogwood, in the purple dressed,  
Like some prince's honored guest;  
And the nut-trees, amber-hued,  
Fair and fruitful, grave and good!  
And the sumach bears aloft  
Crimson pompons, velvet soft;  
Alders, jeweled in the sun  
Like the sceptres kings have won!

We are born in hope; we pass our childhood in hope; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives; in our last moments hope is flattering to us; and not till the beating of the heart shall cease will its benign influence leave us.

\* En-  
by Mr.  
Congre

## EAGLESCLIFFE.\*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.  
CHAPTER I.

A COUNTRY road in which the snow lay white and unbroken, save for the single track made by what seemed to be the body of an old-fashioned stage-coach placed on runners. The four horses which drew it stood stock still at the moment when this story begins, breathing hard, and throwing clouds of steam from their panting sides. It was so dark that you could have seen neither the sleigh, nor the steeds, if they had not been silhouetted, as it were, upon the white field of the snow. The top rails of the fences on either side of the road stretched away in faint, black lines. The hemlocks in the background trailed their long, drooping branches, heavy with the weight of "ermine too dear for an earl."

From the sleigh to the picket-gate on the left, there were large footprints; or rather, there were holes in the snow where a human foot had trodden. The same foot, mailed in a good stout boot, had kicked away the drifted masses of snow about the gate, and rendered it possible for the owner of the boot to open it, and make his way up to the door of the wide, low-roofed, rambling house that stood, still and dark, three or four rods back from the highway.

"Whoa! Stand still there!" he cried to his horses as he reached the porch. It was mere force of habit. They were glad enough to stand still, knee-deep in the falling snow. He gave three loud, resounding knocks, and then waited, with bent head, listening.

Presently, from some remote region, came a slow, heavy step. The door opened, and an elderly man appeared, bearing a lighted candle.

"Hullo, Major!" he said, as he caught sight of the stout figure in a rough, gray overcoat, with a white muffler wound about its throat and face, and a fur cap pulled far down upon its forehead. It held a long-lashed whip in its heavily-gloved right hand. "Hullo! Glad to see ye! Ain't going no further to-night? Take your team right round to the barn, and I'll bring the lantern as soon as I can draw on my boots. Worst storm we've had this winter, ain't it?"

"Good deal of a blow," was the answer, shaking the snow from the cape of his coat. "No, thank ye, cap'n. Can't stop this time. The stage's got to go through to Jericho to-night, storm or no storm. But I've got a passenger out here—two of 'em, for that matter—and I want to leave 'em with ye. If you'll just hand me out a broom, I'll sweep a kind of a path first."

"Can't do it, Major! We don't keep tavern no longer, and you know it. We can't be bothered with 'em. I've done my share of entertaining strangers. Take 'em on to the village. 'Tain't fur."

The burly stage-driver shrugged his broad shoulders. "There ain't any such a word as 'can't' in my dictionary. You've got to take 'em

in, cap'n, and that's all they air about it—just a young woman, and a little chap about knee-high to a grasshopper. She's clear tuckered out, and I mistrust she ain't over and above well. But she's some sort of a fureigner, and I can't just make out."

"Take 'em down to Kirkaldy's. 'Tain't more'n a mile," said Captain David Morris, standing in the shelter of the doorway, and shielding the light with his hand.

"It'll take more'n an hour to go there, though, wading through this snow, and I ain't agoing to do it. Besides, when I've got 'em there, there's nobody but a lot of wild, Irish see to 'em. I tell ye, cap'n, that woman and that there baby want somebody to coddle 'em, and make 'em sort o' cosey and comfortable—and Hepsibah Morris is the very one to do it! You just go and tell her so, with my best respects."

The captain laughed. "Well, bring 'em in. There's no resisting of ye, anyhow. But you just look here now, Major. I want you to understand I've done a-keeping tavern. I'm getting too old; and Hepsy never did like it. Here's your broom!"

"Good for you, cap'n! I knew you'd come round all right. Whoa, Jerry!" as one of the tired horses turned its head toward him and whinnied.

The snow flew beneath the rapid strokes of the broom, as it swung to right and to left; while the captain went to the back part of the house to prepare his sister Hepsibah for her unexpected guests.

"Dear me!" she said, rising hastily, and laying her knitting-work, and the book she had been reading, upon the little round table at her side. She had been carrying on the two processes at once, after the fashion of the thrifty New England women of her day. A little nervous flush came into her somewhat colorless cheeks. "Dear me! It's too bad, but I let the fire go down in the front room, not thinking any one would be out in all this storm. You'll have to bring 'em right in here, brother David."

"This place is good enough for a king," he answered, looking about the warm, bright room with well-satisfied eyes. "Plenty good enough, I say! It's all right, if you don't mind being disturbed, Hepsibah. Fact is, I tried my level best to get rid of 'em, but Major he hung on so! I told him we'd got done keeping tavern. You ain't strong enough for such business, and I'm agoing to put a stop to it."

"Oh, well! It don't matter for this once," she said; "and I couldn't have the heart to turn even a dog away from the door on such a night as this. Here they come! Hold the light for 'em, captain, quick!"

She hurriedly moved back the little table, drew forward a large chintz-covered rocking-chair, and placed it in the warmest corner. A great fire was blazing on the hearth, upheld by a pair of immense iron fire-dogs. A rag-carpet covered the floor; a stand of plants, many of which were loaded with bloom, filled one of the windows; in one corner were some swinging-shelves laden with well-worn books; in another a tall, old-fashioned clock ticked monotonously. Every inch of

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



paint was as clean as hands could make it. The captain was right when he said the room was good enough for a king; for many a parlor is far less pleasant and home-like than was that kitchen. Truth compels me to say, however, that it was sacred to the daintiest and most delicate of household mysteries only. The cook-stove, with all its appurtenances, was in a room farther back.

The captain "held the light," as requested; and in a moment the stage-driver appeared with a bundle in his arms.

"Good evening, Miss Hepsy. Wild night! Here's the baby for you, ma'am. Cap'n, guess you'll have to draw on them boots, after all, and come out and help me in with the young woman. She seems to be pretty nigh beat out."

The two men disappeared, and Miss Hepsy proceeded to undo the bundle at her feet. As the shawls and other wraps fell to the floor, a little boy, apparently about two years old, with the flush of sleep upon his cheeks, and its soft bewilderment in his startled blue eyes, stood before her. His cap had fallen off, revealing a head covered with rings and waves of shining flaxen hair. Not a sound came from the little red lips.

"Oh, the precious!" was the first exclamation of the tender, womanly heart. But before she could say another word, she heard the sound of irregular footsteps in the narrow hall, or entry, that ran through the middle of the house; and hurriedly placing the child in her own little sewing chair, she hastened to open the door.

"Guess we'll have to lay her right down on the settee. Seems to be in a kind of a faint," said the captain. "No—don't wheel it up to the fire! It's better where 'tis. She'll come to in a minute or so."

To which last remark he was moved by a glimpse of his sister's anxious, startled face.

"Yes," echoed the Major. "There's nothing to be scared at, Miss Hepsy. She's just tired out. You see I took 'em in up at Lowbridge, before daylight this morning, and she's rode in the cold all day, and hain't eat a mouthful, unless, maybe, she had a bite o' something in her basket. I give the little shaver a good, square meal back at Winslow's; but she wouldn't go to the table, nor even have a cup o' tea. But now I must leave ye," he added, drawing out a huge silver watch, "for I've got to get that mail through to Jericho before eleven o'clock this night. Good-bye to ye. I'll look in to-morrow on my way up."

Meanwhile Miss Hepsy had taken off the woman's bonnet, loosened her cloak, and brought some extra pillows. The child sat quietly where she had placed him, looking around with wide, questioning eyes.

Hepsibah Morris had not lived her forty years without having grown tolerably familiar with the aspect of sickness and death. She was keener-sighted than the two men.

"Brother David," she whispered, while she bathed the stranger's face, rubbed her hands and unfastened her heavy braids of pale yellow hair. "I wish you'd go for Tryphena. This woman is very sick. Don't you see the drawn look around her mouth? It's a bad sign."

"Oh, pshaw! she just kind o' dropped away when we brought her into this warm room. She'll be all right in the morning. But I'll fetch Tryphena, anyhow. Do you want both of 'em?" he asked, enigmatically.

"Yes—no," she answered, in much the same vein. "Oh, I don't care! They'll both come, probably. They always do."

Captain David seized his cap, and vanished through the side door.

Miss Hepsy turned from her charge for a moment, to see how her other guest was getting on. He had laid his curly head back against the soft chair-cushion, and was staring gravely into the fire with a look of baby wonder on his face. His small fingers were tightly interlaced.

She flew to the pantry. "Here's a cooky for you, little one," she said, placing a round seed cake in his lap. "I'll 'tend to you pretty soon, when I get your mamma into bed. Has she been sick?"

The child looked at her with serene composure, but did not deign to move a muscle.

"Where's your papa?" was the next question. "Can't you tell me, child? Can't you tell me what your name is?"

Still no answer; and giving up the pursuit of knowledge in that direction, Miss Hepsy went back to the lounge again.

The woman was to all appearance twenty-two or three years old, with delicate, high-bred features, and an air of refinement that betrayed itself even under such adverse circumstances. She was neatly dressed, though everything she wore was old, showing signs of long and careful usage. Hepsibah looked at her earnestly for a moment, then put her ear down to the slightly parted lips, and listened. She breathed, and there was an occasional quiver of the closed eyelids.

"She's coming to," said Miss Hepsy—to the baby, probably, as there was no one else in the room. But the baby did not care. He was supremely comfortable at that moment, leaning back in his soft, warm chair, slowly nibbling his cooky, and gazing into the depths of that wonderful mass of brightness on the hearth.

Captain David came back.

"The girls'll be here 'in a minute," said he. "They thought I'd better not wait for 'em to get their things on, as you was alone. How does she seem?"

"Well, she breathes, and I think she swallowed a drop of this brandy and water just now. Don't take off your boots yet, brother David. You'd better make a fire in the front room; and I shouldn't wonder if you'd have to go for the doctor."

The door opened softly and "the girls" came in—Tryphena first, and Tryphosa following her. You would have known at a glance that they were twins; and, after the second glance, you would have wondered how even the mother who bore them could have told them apart. Perhaps you would have gone still farther and wondered if each did not sometimes lose the sense of her own identity, and feel incompetent to decide the question whether she was herself or her sister. Both were



short; both were somewhat stout; both had black eyes, black hair, and round, good-humored faces. Both had large hands and feet, the same little, inconsequent laughs, and the same odd manner of walking, that irreverent boys declared was like the waddling of a duck. The boys might have found another similitude in the fact that, like the well-bred ducks of the nursery song, they usually walked "one right behind the other."

But Tryphena always walked first. She led, and Tryphosa followed. It was so in everything. You would have learned to know them apart, after awhile; and then you would have wondered you had ever thought them so alike. Tryphena was a trifle the taller of the two. Her eyes were a trifle blacker than her sister's, and so was her hair. She had a little more color, a little more force, a little more of—everything. The two were inseparable. Grown women, well on toward the meridian of life, they were as dependent on each other as they had been when mere children.

"Tryphena and Tryphosa won't miss me much," their mother had said when on her death-bed, "for they've got each other."

"Yes," said the neighbor to whom she spoke; "and they'll be getting married one of these days."

"No," was the answer, as the mother smiled faintly. "No, for they can't both marry the same man."

Be that as it may, marriage had not entered into their plan of life. Tryphena was a tailoress; Tryphosa was a dressmaker. They never went "out" to their work unless the services of both were needed in the same family. Otherwise they did it at home—home being the snug little brown house wherein they had lived alone in peace and quietness. To her other accomplishments, Tryphena added that of being an excellent nurse, which accounts for her presence on this occasion.

She stepped briskly forward into the room, taking off her hood and shawl as she did so, while Tryphosa closed the door gently. Hepsibah rose from her kneeling posture by the lounge, drew her into a corner, and said a few words in a low whisper.

"Now come and see what you think of her," she added aloud.

Tryphena stood by the woman's side watching her intently for two minutes before she answered. Then she said, folding her arms and wheeling suddenly round: "Hepsibah Morris, don't you see? Why, she's struck with death a'ready! Poor thing! poor thing!"

"You don't say!" said Captain David, who had just kindled the fire in the front room. "Why, Hepsy! if I'd ha' known—"

She put her hand over his lips. "Don't say that, brother David! Don't think it, either. All we've got to do now is to take care of her. And if the poor creature is going to die, it must be in a bed, like a Christian, and not on that settee. We can't move her up-stairs, but it won't take five minutes to put up a bed in the other room."

Which was accordingly done; and then while the three women tenderly undressed the unconscious cause of all this commotion, put on her one

of Hepsibah's best nightgowns, and laid her in the clean, white bed, Captain David harnessed his horse and went off after the doctor.

## CHAPTER II.

"TRYPHOSA!" called Miss Hepsy, in a subdued undertone, "just slip your hand into the pocket of her dress—maybe I hung it in the clothespress—and see if you can't find a key."

She had left the sisters to their kindly ministrations in the room so suddenly transformed into a sick-chamber, and had herself gone to look after the baby. The little fellow had fallen fast asleep, with the remnant of his cooky lying loosely in his relaxed hands, his red lips parted, and his curly head dropped on one shoulder. She tenderly took him in her arms, half expecting that he would waken, and scream with all his might and main. But he only opened his blue eyes for half a moment, smiled dreamily, and then nestled on her bosom in sweet content.

Slowly she unlaced the shoes and removed them, and drew off the stockings from the soft, pink feet, smiling to herself as the child unconsciously stretched them out in the warm glow of the firelight, working the dainty toes. Then she unfastened the little garments one by one, rocking back and forth, and crooning snatches of half-forgotten lullabies. But wherewithal should he be clothed for the night? Surely there must be a tiny nightgown in the small black leather trunk that stood behind the door. So she called to Tryphosa to find the key.

"Here 'tis," said the latter, presently. "And here's her pocket-book, too. You'd better take charge of it, I guess. Let me take the child now, and you go and unlock the trunk yourself."

Hepsibah hesitated for a moment. She was about to ask Tryphosa to bring the trunk to the hearth and open it there. But some instinct of delicacy, some feeling that perhaps the silent, helpless woman in the next room would not wish to have its privacy invaded by too many pairs of eyes, led her to change her mind. Laying the little boy in Tryphosa's arms, she took the key.

The trunk, small as it was, was not very full, but the garment she wanted lay uppermost. Taking it out, together with two or three other things she foresaw might be needed in the morning, she closed the lid, fastened it again, and went back to the fire. In a few moments the child was sleeping on the foot of its mother's bed, as sweetly as it had ever slept in her arms.

The doctor came, examined his patient closely and carefully, asked a good many questions that no one could answer, and prescribed sundry potions and powders.

"You'll come again to-morrow, doctor?" asked Captain David, as he held the lantern and the horse's head.

"Yes, of course, if I am needed. The chances are you will not be troubled with her long, captain. A strange affair!" and he drove off.

Captain David Morris shook his head thoughtfully as he hung up the lantern. He was a man

of a most kindly nature. All the dumb creatures about him knew it. Not even the dog and the cat were allowed a moment of suffering that he could prevent. Yet the presence of death in his house would be unwelcome. He may be forgiven if, as he at last pulled off his heavy boots and sat down in the back kitchen, he thought it was decidedly disagreeable that this strange woman should have been brought under his roof to die. Probably the best of us would have thought precisely the same thing.

There was a change during the night, and a high fever set in. Delirium took the place of dull stupor. The woman talked incessantly, now in high, strident tones—now moaning in piteous accents, as one in sore trouble. But not one word could the women who ministered unto her with such tender, tireless pity understand.

"I wish I knew what she is saying, or trying to say," said Miss Hepsy, turning away after a period of prolonged listening. "Some one ought to know. It isn't French she speaks, that's certain."

"Maybe the minister would understand her," said Tryphena. "I wouldn't wonder a mite."

"Yes, the minister," echoed Tryphosa. "He'd know if anybody would."

You see in this small, staid country town, in an out-of-the-way corner of New England, to which the rail-car, the daily mail and the telegraph pole had not yet penetrated, people were still old-fashioned enough to believe in "the minister." There was enough of the clean, wholesome, pungent odor of old-time puritanism still afloat in the air—a fragrance like that of the small, white, downy-stemmed immortelle of northern pastures, and of garden wormwood combined—to act as a subtle spell. Most of the plain, homely, quaint folk who went every Sunday to hear him preach, religiously believed that good old Dr. Mason was not only the very best man in all the region of country round about, but also the wisest and the most learned. Why should they not? Had he not graduated with the highest honors—having stood shoulder to shoulder through all his college course with one whose keen, bright intellect became afterward the glory of his age? and had he not, at last, carried off the valedictory before his very eyes? To be sure, the one settled down (he wasn't a D. D. then,) as pastor of a comparatively unimportant country church. The other won a world-wide renown as a statesman, and more than once came near being president. But what of that? The people of Eaglescliffe were sure their doctor would have borne off the high prizes of life as easily as the valedictory, if he had only chosen to enter the lists. Besides he had received his doctorate from Yale herself, in the days when the degree was an honor!

"Yes," said Tryphosa, "the minister would know, if anybody."

"Brother David shall go after him as soon as ever we get breakfast out of the way," answered Miss Hepsy. "We ought to have him come and make a prayer, anyhow."

They believed in prayer, too, those benighted Eaglescliffe people! The scientists were not abroad in the land, then; and the world, or, at

least, that little corner of it, had not yet learned what a mistake Christ made when He said, "After this manner pray ye." Neither had they had distinctly pointed out to them the difference between prayer and aspiration. Some of them actually supposed that the truest prayer was the highest kind of aspiration, and that all lofty aspiration was a prayer *in esse*. But be that as it may, the gentle heart of Hepsibah Morris would have shrank with pain from the thought of a prayerless death-bed. So she sent for the reverend doctor with a double motive.

It was nine o'clock in the morning, but the child still slept. When his mother began to grow restless, her voice seemed to disturb him; and Hepsibah had carried him up-stairs and laid him in her own bed, where he soon sank to slumber too profound for dreams.

Dr. Mason had been sitting by the bed in the front room for twenty minutes, listening intently to the incoherent words that fell from the lips of the unknown. He was a tall man, of very dignified presence and somewhat austere in bearing. His hair, which had once been very dark, was now iron-gray. His eyes, keen and piercing as scimitars, were a steely blue; his complexion was sallow, and his features were moulded after a stern pattern. He looked, as he sat there with his gold-headed cane between his knees, his large, spare hands, on which the blue veins stood out in bold relief, clasped on the top of it, and his head bent forward, like one who had wrestled with life and lost some of his graces and amenities in the fierce conflict. You wondered if little children dared to creep to his knees as they did to those of his Master—if their small hands ever stole into his, and if their lips were ever raised to his for caresses. You wondered until he raised his head, smiled and spoke. Then your doubts were solved, and you knew that under this somewhat hard and rugged exterior, this austerity of manner that was chiefly due to early training, he had a heart as tender and sensitive as a woman's.

Tryphosa was washing the dishes; Tryphena leaned on the footboard of the bed, her eyes glancing from the doctor to the invalid. Hepsibah stood silently by his side, waiting for him to speak. He looked up at last.

"I am not conversant with the German language," he said, "never having had leisure nor fitting opportunity to acquaint myself with its intricacies. Nevertheless, I have heard it spoken on several occasions, and I recognize it now, without being in the least able to understand it. Without doubt our sister who lies here, I fear in her last extremity, belongs to the German race, and speaks in that tongue."

"There!" said Tryphena, quickly. "There! did you hear that? Once in a while she speaks plain English, just for a second. Hark, now!"

The poor young creature, whose yellow hair, loosened from its confinement, swept over the pillow like a flood of gold, was talking rapidly in a half whisper. Suddenly she called, "Harvey! Harvey!"

"That is not a German name. On the contrary, it is pure English," said the doctor

But before any one else could speak, the woman raised herself on one elbow, looked about her with a startled air, then clasped both hands over her eyes, and fell back upon the pillow.

"I—I am—confooosed," she said, faintly.

The swift color rose to Hepsibah's pale cheeks, and her eyes filled with the sudden tears.

"No wonder, no wonder, poor thing!" she whispered, as she passed round the bed and tenderly put back the disordered hair. "Don't be frightened or worried, my child," she continued, softly. "You are with friends who are ready and willing to care for you."

But the momentary gleam of reason, if such it was, faded as quickly as it came. Once in awhile their ears would catch an English word, or even half a word, but that was all.

"I suspect she speaks English fairly well when she is in her right mind," said the doctor. "But now that sickness and trouble have taken hold upon her, her soul has gone back to her early home and her kindred."

"Excepting when she calls for 'Harvey,'" remarked Tryphena, with a half laugh. "I don't believe he has much to do with her German folks. He's downright Yankee, I'll bet."

"She is married, you say?" asked the doctor.

"Yes; that is—I suppose so," replied Hepsibah, suddenly remembering how very little they really knew. "At least, she has a child with her; a little boy. He is asleep up-stairs."

The good doctor did not answer, but Hepsibah saw him look at the woman's left hand. Very few people in Eaglescliffe wore wedding-rings. But she knew enough of the ways of the world, and the customs of other lands, to understand that questioning glance. It suggested a question to her own mind also.

The ring—or at least a ring—was there, on the third finger.

"Could you take it off?" asked the doctor. "It may be marked, and so lead to her identification."

But when Hepsibah, with soothing, coaxing words, attempted to remove it, she found it was impossible. The hand closed convulsively, holding the bent fingers in a rigid clasp.

Just then there was a loud, shrill cry from the chamber above.

"There's the baby! I'll bring him right down and show him to you, doctor," and Hepsy flew up-stairs.

The doctor went out into the kitchen—or living-room, as it might better have been called—and stood on the hearth, looking gravely into the fire, when she came down again with the child enthroned in her arms. She had wrapped him in a scarlet shawl, from under which two little bare feet emerged into the daylight. His eyes, still dewy with sleep, looked almost as dark and velvety as purple pansies, and his moist hair was a mass of tangled gold.

He laid his cheek bashfully against Hepsibah's, and hung down his head, drawing in his chin, until you could see nothing of his eyes save the long, curved lashes, as the doctor drew near and examined him through his spectacles.

"A fair child," he said; "and verily one that it

seems must have come of a goodly parentage. Will you tell me your name, my little man?"

The curly head drooped lower and lower, and the pink cheeks grew pinker. Then suddenly two soft arms were thrown around Miss Hepsy's neck, and a little face was hidden on her shoulder.

"Poor little fellow! he has not spoken a word since he was brought into the house," she said, clasping him closer. "I suppose he misses his mother, though he does not cry for her."

"Would it not be well to let him see her? Perhaps the sound of the child's voice might strike some chord of memory, and so restore her to herself, if only for a few moments. It would indeed be worth much if we could ascertain her name, and whither she comes, that we might summon her friends."

They carried him into the other room and put him on the bed. For a moment he smiled, and crept closer to his mother's bosom. Then the changed face, the changed voice, the utter want of recognition in the hollow eyes, the unnaturalness of the whole scene appalled him. He stretched out both arms to Hepsibah, with a succession of short, quick sobs.

"It's no use," remarked Tryphena; "she don't know him from Adam!"

"They shouldn't trouble him; no, they shouldn't," said Hepsibah, soothingly, as she carried him back to the kitchen. "He shall be dressed and have his breakfast, and then he shall have a pretty kitten to play with."

Just then she happened to put her hand in her pocket.

"Oh!" she cried. "I never thought of it! Doctor, here is her pocket-book. Perhaps you had better examine it."

Dr. Mason took it, held it hesitatingly for a moment, and then unclasped it.

There was not a great deal in it; two or three one-dollar bills, a Canadian bank-note for five pounds, and two German coins in silver, these last were fresh and bright, looking as if they might have been kept as pocket-pieces. There was a brief memorandum or two, that signified absolutely nothing unless one had the clue, the address of what seemed to be a dealer in second-hand goods and clothing in Montreal, and a bit of tissue paper, in which was a short, crisp curl of dark brown hair. That was all. The doctor was still turning them over with an air of close scrutiny, when Hepsibah came in from the back room, with the child freshly washed and dressed on her arm, and a bowl of bread and milk in her hand.

"There is nothing here that gives any information," he said, in answer to her unspoken question. Going on to enumerate the contents of the pocket-book, he added: "I will write at once to this man in Montreal, as it is the only name here. That is, if you wish it," he continued, with old-fashioned courtesy. "I by no means wish to interfere."

"Oh, if you only would, doctor!" she answered, eagerly. "But there's her trunk. It might be well to see what is in that first."

"By all means. No," waving back the key she was about to give him, "That is more properly a

woman's task. I leave it to you, Miss Hepsibah."

She hesitated a moment; then carried the child, who was so intent upon his bread and milk that he cared little who fed him, into the back kitchen again and gave him to Tryphosa. Coming back, she knelt down by the small trunk and opened it.

It was even more voiceless than the pocket-book had been. There were a few articles of women's apparel, all of fine material, but worn and mended to the last degree; there was a plain but comfortable supply of clothing for the little boy. This last was made of much cheaper material. It was evident that money was less plenty, and harder to get, than when the mother's wardrobe was bought. There was an ambrotype in a morocco case—the likeness of a young man who might have been the owner of the curl in the pocket-book. There were a few cheap toys, and a little china mug. These last Hepsibah swept to one end of the trunk without examination, and went on with her investigations. There was a small English Bible with—as she afterward found—"To Barbara," on the fly-leaf. But there was absolutely nothing else, with the exception of such odds and ends, such little bits of trumpery as a woman, be she high or low, rich or poor, invariably gathers about her.

"There is nothing here, either, Dr. Mason," she said, rising from her knees, "not even a mark upon the clothing."

### CHAPTER III.

"It seems to me there's a change," said Tryphosa, opening the door of the front room. "It seems so. If the doctor is going to make a prayer—"

She stopped suddenly and withdrew her head.

I have no harrowing death-scene to describe to you. The doctor and Hepsibah obeyed Tryphosa's summons. The sick woman lay quietly now, her face as white as the pillow. It was evident that the end was near.

"Shall I get the baby? Would you?" whispered Hepsy, looking at the doctor appealingly. "Shall I bring him to kiss her just once?"

"I—I should say not, if you leave the decision to me," he answered. "She will not know it, and it may distress him. We have reason to believe that the instincts of these little ones are very keen, and often stand to them in place of reason."

Pausing a moment, until he perceived that she had accepted this conclusion, he knelt by the bedside.

"Let us pray," he said, reverently.

The strange circumstances, the loneliness of the woman thus ministered unto in her dying moments by those who were ignorant of her very name, the thought of the pretty child she was leaving behind her, and of the vast, untried, unknown future to which she was going, all these stirred his heart to its innermost depths. Never yet was dying soul wafted heavenward on stronger wings of prayer; never yet was soul more ten-

derly committed to the love and intercession of the ever-pitying Christ.

When they rose from their knees there were only three in the room. The fourth had gone silently out from the confines of time into the vast spaces of eternity.

They stood for a few moments hushed and motionless before the solemn majesty of death. Then Tryphosa put her hands on Hepsibah's shoulders, and gently pushed her toward the door.

"Now you go right out," she said, "and send Tryphosa in here to me. We two can do all that is necessary, and you ain't over and above strong. Didn't that prayer beat all?" she added, in a whisper, as the doctor, with a grave bow, passed out of the room. "I declare I can't get over it. It seemed as if it had wings, and went right straight up. But the doctor always was gifted in prayer."

Hepsibah made no answer. She was not in the mood for many words. Just as she was about to take the child from Tryphosa, Dr. Mason beckoned to her.

"The ring," he said. "It could be removed from her finger now, and I think it should be examined."

Hepsibah hesitated. Quiet "old maid" of forty though she was, her heart kept its own little horde of romances.

"Yes—I suppose it ought to be," she answered, slowly; "but I do hate to take it off, doctor! It seems like taking advantage of her now that she is helpless. She struggled and resisted so when I tried to look at it."

"I know, Miss Hepsibah. But it is not to gratify any womanish curiosity. It is in order to ascertain, if it be possible, to whom this little child belongs. It is for his sake. The ring has not much intrinsic value, but it should be kept for him, it seems to me."

"Perhaps so," she said. "I had not thought of that."

She went into the other room, and presently returned with the ring, which she gave to the doctor.

"There is an inscription, but I have not looked to see what it is. You read it, doctor. I must take the baby."

He adjusted his spectacles and went to the window, holding the plain gold circlet up to the light.

"'Harvey to B-a-r-b-a—' What is this word? 'B-a-r-b-a—' Oh, 'Barbara.' That's it! 'Harvey to Barbara,' he read. 'That is all there is, Miss Hepsibah. There is no date.'"

"It tells very little, then. We cannot even be sure it is a wedding-ring," she answered.

"No; yet it is probable that it is. Well, I will go home and write to this Montreal address. Something may be learned from that source. But you are to have more guests, Miss Hepsibah. The stage has just stopped," he said, as he looked out of the window.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I am glad! It is nobody but the Major, who brought the woman here last night. He said he would stop on his way up, but I had forgotten all about it. Wait, doctor, please. I would like to have you see him."

Major came in without knocking, like a good-



natured whirlwind. Now his was no military title, honorary or otherwise, although many people supposed it to be. It was the name given to him by his mother, who had a fondness for war-like heroes and martyrs, and actually had her boy christened Major Andre. It is to be presumed that the hearty, burly, honest fellow who had, for an indefinite number of years, "driven stage" between Lowbridge and Jericho, rejoiced in the possession of a patronymic. But it had passed out of sight and hearing. Every one knew him as Major, or as *the* Major; and when strangers lifted their eyebrows and said inquiringly "'Major' who?" a laugh was generally the only answer.

"Good-day," he said as he entered, whip in hand. "How are all here? Can't stay but a second—but thought I must just look in as I promised, seein' I was goin' by. Your servant, sir," bowing to the doctor, whom he had not at first noticed. "Heavy snow, sir. Hullo, you little chap! You look as chirk as a chipmonk! Guess Miss Hepsy's taken good care of you."

"Hush, Major!" said Hepsibah, interrupting his flow of words as soon as she could, and lifting her hand with a warning gesture. "Hush! Come here a moment."

Turning her face away from the child with an instinctive fear that her words might hurt him, even while her reason told her he could not possibly comprehend them, she whispered to the Major.

He drew back, amazed and even startled.

"Whew! whew! whew!" he exclaimed, with a long breath that was almost a whistle. "How you do talk! You don't say so, Miss Hepsy!"

"Yes, I do," she said. "Tryphena and Tryphosa are in the other room now, laying her out."

"Well! well! I wouldn't ha' believed it. I just thought she was kind o' tired out last night, and needed rest. Poor thing! she's got it with a vengeance, ha'n't she?"

"As you were the last person who saw this woman in a state of comparative health," remarked the doctor, coming forward in his deliberate way, "I should like to ask—"

"Hold on just one minute, doctor, till I hitch them horses," interrupted the Major. "I guess I've got to stay a spell, and talk this thing over."

"I would like to ask," continued Dr. Mason, when the Major returned and took his seat by the fire, ejaculating again, "Well, well! I wouldn't ha' believed it!" "I would like to ask if you know anything about her."

"Not a thing hardly," was the answer. "You see I start out o' Lowbridge about five o'clock—long before daylight this time o' year. Most generally my horses ain't inclined to drink much so early in the mornin', and I've kind o' got in the habit o' stoppin' at the little red tavern, three or four mile this side, and waterin' on 'em. There ain't hardly ever any passengers there. Folks mostly put up at the village, you know. But yesterday mornin' there was. Old Himes he came out and told me there was a woman in the house, with a child, who wanted to go on with me. And I said, 'All right,' and in a minute he brought

'em out. I noticed she looked kind o' white and sickly, and after we'd got 'em all tucked up snug and warm—there wa'n't but one other passenger—and the door was shut, I asked him where she come from. He said he didn't know nothin' about her, only 't she got out o' the stage from the North, o' Tuesday, supposin' she'd got to Lowbridge where it puts up. You see they had to go round that way on account o' the drifts, and, bein' a stranger, she didn't understand."

"On Tuesday," repeated the doctor. "That was three days ago."

"Yes. She wasn't real well the next day, Himes said—seemed to be kind o' miserable; and the roads was so bad, and 'twas so cold, that his wife told her she'd better stay oyer. And she did."

"Did you have any conversation with her?" asked Dr. Mason.

"Well, no, not much. I asked her if she didn't enjoy poor health; and she looked kind o' surprised, and said, 'No, not at all.' I thought it was a mighty queer answer, anyhow."

The doctor smiled.

"She spoke English, then?"

"Oh, yes! And understood it better'n she spoke it. She was some sort of a foreigner, and had a good deal of a brogue. But I could make out what she said well enough."

"Did you ask her where she was going?"

"Well, no, I didn't ask her, not right out; I never like to seem too inquisitive. But she asked me how much further she'd got to go by stage before she could take the cars for New York, and how much it was agoin' to cost her. And when I told her, she just gave a great sigh, and went to kissin' the baby there. I noticed that her lips was all of a tremble; and I felt right down sorry for her, sure as you live."

"You did not get at her name?"

"Oh, no! Her name wa'n't nothin' to me—and I never expected to see her again, nor to hear of her. But all day long I see 't she kept a-growin' paler 'n paler; and I was bound I'd leave her here to stay all night, where she'd be sure o' decent treatment. I knew the captain would put her on the right track in the mornin', an' see 't she was comfortable."

"And what did she call this little fellow?" asked Hepsibah, her hand dallying with the light flaxen curls.

"Couldn't make out, ma'am. It was some kind of an outlandish name that was new to me. Maybe it was nothin' but a nickname, or something. Can't he tell you what his name is?"

"He hasn't spoken a word since he came into the house," she answered. "Can he talk?"

"Talk? I guess so! He chattered like a black-bird all day yesterday."

"English?"

"Yes. That is, baby English. Spoke pretty near as well as his mother, though."

"Did he say anything about his father?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir. I mistrust she's a widow-woman, sir, and hain't got no friends in this country. I kind o' thought maybe she was on her way to New



York to meet somebody. But then I don't know nothin' about it."

"You are sure this was her child?"

"Oh, yes! There's no sort o' doubt about that," he answered, with a strong emphasis on the last word. "He called her 'mamma;' and then, besides, women ain't apt to be so bound up in other folkses' young ones as she was in that little chap. There was something real pitiful in her eyes when she looked at him. I noticed it ever so many times."

"Well, I wonder that you did not find out more about them when you had a chance," said Hepsibah, her voice trembling. "It would be such a comfort, now!"

"Why, why, why, Miss Hepsy!" he answered, deprecatingly. "You wonder so now, just because she's dead. Otherwise you'd have thought I was meddlin' with what didn't concern me, if I'd gone apyrin' into her affairs. I didn't know she was agoin' to die. But that's just like a woman," he added, in an aside to the doctor. "There's no logic in 'em!"

"Oh, I didn't mean anything, Major!" cried Hepsibah, eager to heal any wound she might have made. "Here! see if the baby will go to you. See if he knows you."

"Of course he knows me. Didn't I take him out to the table and give him his dinner yesterday, when we was a-stoppin' at the half-way house? But he likes you best, Miss Hepsy," he continued, as the child shrank back, clinging closely to Hepsibah. "He likes you best. Where's the captain?"

"There are his bells now," she replied. "He has just driven into the yard."

"I'd better go out and make my peace with him, I guess," said the Major, rising. "I don't know as he'll ever forgive me for gettin' you into this scrape."

Just as the door closed behind him, Tryphena and Tryphosa came out of the front room, their bright, good-natured faces subdued to just the shade of solemnity they thought due to the occasion.

"We've done all we could, and the best we could," said the former, addressing her remark to both Hepsibah and the doctor; "just as we would if it had been one of our folks."

"Yes, just exactly," echoed Tryphosa.

"She makes a beautiful corpse," continued Tryphena, "for all she's so thin. Beautiful. She lies so calm and peaceful. I suppose you'd like to have us make the shroud, Miss Hepsy?"

"Probably," she answered, a look of pain passing over her face as she held the child closer to her breast, rocking to and fro. "But we won't talk about it now, girls. I must see brother David before making any arrangements."

"Oh, of course. There's no hurry. I just thought I'd speak about it while it was in my mind. And now just give me that child, and you and the doctor go in there, and see if everything is as it should be."

The doctor rose mechanically; Hepsibah slowly and reluctantly. She had a positive physical shrinking from the presence of death—a shrink-

ing for which she at once pitied and condemned herself. It was not fear, or superstitious dread. It was simply a cold horror that took possession of her senses and held them spellbound.

Yet she knew perfectly well what custom required of her. "The girls" had done what it would have given her indescribable distress to do; and surely she could not refuse to go into the darkened room, and look upon the white, still form they had made ready for the grave.

The room was like a sepulchre. All the little ornaments, every book, even the bunch of dried grasses that had long since forgotten how they used to rustle in the summer wind, had been removed from their accustomed places. The crimson table-cover had been taken away and a linen cloth substituted. White towels had been pinned over the small mirror and the two or three pictures. The shades were drawn down, the chairs were all set back primly against the wall, and every trace of human occupancy was toned down as far as possible.

Hepsibah held her breath as she stepped over the door-sill. Every instinct of her nature cried out against this order of things. Yet she knew no better way. It was the custom of the time and of the place, and possibly she would herself have regarded any deviation from it as unseemly. Death was death, and its surroundings must be as unlife-like, as sombre as the tomb.

Seeing that she hesitated, Dr. Mason himself turned back the sheet that covered the pale, dead face, with its crown of golden hair, and looked upon it long and earnestly. The grand curve of the forehead, the delicate arch of the eyebrows, the long eyelashes, the proud, yet tender, mouth, the firm chin, the nobility of expression pervading the whole, were far more noticeable now than when he saw her that morning; and he studied them closely.

"A noble, womanly face," he said, at last, replacing the sheet. "A face that tells its own story, as far as it goes. Perhaps we may never know her name or her history, Miss Hepsibah; but we need not hesitate, when we stand by her open grave, to leave her with the Three that bear record in Heaven, and to cry, 'Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

(To be continued.)

POLISHED manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coolness, have done themselves incalculable injury—the shell being so rough that the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within it. Had Raleigh never flung down his cloak in the mud for proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career in life would scarcely have been worth recording. Scores of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone.

In all worldly things that a man pursues with the greatest eagerness imaginable, he finds not half the pleasure in the actual possession that he proposed to himself in the expectation of them.

## PUTTING DOWN THE BOON BOYS.

BY MADGE CARROL.

"I KNOW I shall like it when we get fixed," said Mrs. Brownell, surveying the empty rooms.

"I'm sure you will," replied Mr. Craft, the agent. "Built for the owner, his family occupied it two years or more. You see, miss," to Lou Brownell, "every comfort heart could desire. French windows opening on the veranda; fine in summer."

"And the owner's sole objection is that it's old-fashioned?"

"Well, not exactly. No. I never deceive my tenants, madam, and must say, no. The objection is the Boon boys."

"The Boon boys?"

"Next door. Father a widower this five years. Owns the adjoining property. You observed the style of building. Second story back verandas almost one; stairs leading down into the gardens; fine field for mischief; boys not slow to avail themselves of it."

"How many are there?"

"Three. Eight, ten and thirteen years old. Been left to servants; father feels no responsibility, has no control; most ungovernable creatures I ever saw."

"Ma," said Lou, "don't you think Aunt Let can manage them?"

"Perhaps." Mrs. Brownell's perplexed brow slightly cleared. Then to Mr. Craft, "My husband's sister, sir, Miss Letitia Brownell. She taught a country school some eight or ten years."

"Splendid preliminary training! Resides with you, I suppose? Yes, then rest assured she'll put down the Boon boys."

On the strength of these expectations, Mr. and Mrs. Brownell agreed to take possession and put down their carpets, trusting to Aunt Let's putting down the boys.

During an entire week, all was tranquil and serene as the weather itself, and that was like Indian summer caught in January drifts. Those terrible boys were heard morning, noon and night; yet, as long as they kept to themselves, the Brownells had no reasonable cause for complaint. Their own children, although all girls and pretty well grown, were not the quietest of creatures.

Hostilities commenced on the morning of the seventh day. Aunt Let, upon entering the second-story back room—used as a sort of library—found every portable article, with the exception of those in the book-case, in the middle of the floor. She looked out on the twin verandas; all was silent, solitary, as never boy had existence. The two houses and their now shrubless gardens stood together with narrow side yards between them, and the brick rows stretching right and left. There was not a jacket or a diminutive pair of boots in any spot over which that keen glance roved.

A fine-looking woman was Aunt Let, not in spite of her seven-and-thirty years, but because of them. As a girl among girls, she had been simply ordinary; standing there in her autumn-time,

with that pair of clear gray eyes, and those ripened tints, she was the embodiment of a soul to whom life meant something, and who meant something in life.

The enemy was safe at headquarters, that was certain, and Aunt Let, deciding on a course of "masterly inactivity," went to work setting things to rights.

What was the surprise of the Boon boys on discovering one window open next day just as if nothing had happened. Tiptoeing around, their minds were made up nobody was about, so in they stole, and were in the act of repeating their previous performance, when a lady arose from somewhere, lowered the sash, fastened it, and faced her prisoners with one of the pleasantest smiles they had ever met.

"Boys," she said, in the clearest, sweetest of tones, "moving furniture is fine exercise. When you get everything in the middle of the floor, of course you won't object to setting them in their places again. You neglected that yesterday; but I'm in no hurry to have you go; there will be ample time this morning."

"'Twas awful queer," Judd Boon remarked afterward. "She wasn't angry, nor she wasn't in fun. She took her knitting out of her pocket and sat down as cool as a cucumber. What could a fellow do but just what she expected?"

Aunt Let's strategy put an end to that annoyance. Next came the ringing of the front door-bell. They were too busy taking turns at it one day to notice a lady, warmly clad, making a descent upon them. When she closed their own door, and they discovered that the deadlatch on their gate was down, themselves out in the cold, hatless, mittenless, they took refuge in entreaty.

"Oh, no," was answered in the cheeriest of tones. "You're not cold; I'm not. You don't want to get in, either; you want to stay out here and ring our bell, and I'm going to wait until you're through, because I like to see boys enjoy themselves."

It took some time to convince Aunt Let that they didn't enjoy it one bit; wished door-bells had never been invented, and couldn't by any possibility ever again take the slightest satisfaction in pulling one. Finally she allowed them to ring their own and enter the house.

If that indomitable woman had entertained the slightest suspicion that she was making an impression, she would have retired defeated, rather than remain and deepen it.

Just as she reached his steps, Mr. Boon raised an upper window to see if it were not possible to persuade the boys to come in. He was a pale, refined, nervous man, who would let the lawless creatures run over him, if they determined upon it, rather than endure the pain of a conflict of wills, and the mortification of an inevitable defeat. Aunt Let's conduct filled him with wonder and admiration. Their mother had kept the boys pretty well under, and occasionally his house-keeper put them down; but it was with a rod and loud and angry words. This woman used neither. Her brow was unruffled, her glance kind, her mouth sweet, her voice soft. He thought of his

cheerless home—litter and dust everywhere, furniture bruised and battered, discomfort holding high carnival from cellar to garret—and dreamed of how it might be changed. Then he thought of his sons, three as fine-looking lads as could be found anywhere, good-tempered, truthful, affectionate, yet growing up like savages for want of proper training, and a vision of what they might be crossed his mind. If anything was necessary to deepen these feelings and impressions, the requisite material was speedily forthcoming.

The following day he saw Aunt Let out in the garden, challenging his boys to a snowball fight.

"Do you mean it?" asked Eugene, half afraid to venture on the enemy's ground, yet perfectly overjoyed at the prospect.

They had been throwing balls and making nuisances of themselves, he hadn't a doubt. Yet there she was, bright, kind, joyous, calling out the Brownells, and prepared to enter the conflict with the grace and spirit of a girl. He was half tempted to claim a place on the list, but ended in watching behind the shutter.

Miss Brownell might be a man-hater, there was no telling; or perhaps had had a story that filled her heart so full there was no room for any other; or she might be engaged. The gentleman behind the shutter knew nothing about her save this, that he loved, and, if possible, would win her.

Lou Brownell, upwards of eighteen, was much distressed over the mortifying fact of never having had a lover. When Mr. Boon, whose character and antecedents were well known to the family, began dropping in of an evening, she took to it kindly. True, he was old enough to be her father; she'd no thought of marrying him, still it was something to have made a conquest. Especially was this a matter of congratulation, since the gentleman possessed ample means and leisure, was tall and elegant in his personal appearance, and proved to be one of the most agreeable of companions.

Nothing could be cosier than the Brownell library of a winter night. It was not alone the rose-colored lamp shades making everything rose-color, it was the sense of genuine home-comfort ruling and reigning over all, from the family groups at their sewing or games around the various tables, to the rug on which pussy sat. Mr. Boon brought himself, and Aunt Let enticed the boys. Conundrums, puzzles, innocent games, afforded the latter an endless round of amusement, and they soon proved that they knew how to behave when convinced that it was worth their while to put the knowledge into practice.

"Mr. Brownell," said Mr. Boon, buttonholing that gentleman one morning on their way to their respective offices, "can you, without a betrayal of confidence, answer me a certain question?"

"That depends on what the question is."

"Certainly. Pardon me for asking it, is Miss Brownell engaged?"

"No, sir. But allow me to take this opportunity of begging you to dismiss the thoughts lately entertained; the disparity of years is so great I couldn't—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, they are only five. Miss Brownell is very frank about her age."

"My daughter?"

"Your sister."

"So it's Let you're after, is it? We all thought it was Lou. Oh, no, sir, Let's not engaged. You're welcome to her if you can get her; but you're not the first that's tried. She's a golden girl, and will make a pearl of a wife. I've often thought 'twas a pity to have her throwing herself away on us. Come in this evening and try your luck. The rest of us are going to a concert. The girls say she'll be 'Let alone.' Prove to them that she won't."

Letitia Brownell had a story, and fancied it filled her heart so full as to preclude the possibility of any other. Not until she listened to that Mr. Boon told, was she aware of the existence of pages that, springing wide open, revealed a secret writing beginning and ending with his name. It came like a shock, an actual shock. She could give him no answer just then. Yet, from that hour, so changed was her manner toward him, and his toward her, that Lou, in a fit of enforced generosity, remarked: "Aunt Let, I think I'll give Mr. Boon over to you."

"If I'm not very much mistaken, the gentleman has given himself over," returned Mr. Brownell, who didn't know, but guessed the secret of a certain night.

"O Aunt Let! Aunt Let!" chorused the girls. "Do you really mean to marry him? What will you do with those dreadful boys?"

"Yes," replied Aunt Let, "I really mean to marry him. As for the boys—"

"When we took this house," interrupted Mr. Brownell, "it was with the understanding that Aunt Let should put down the Boon boys. She's taken the best way to do it. Please to consider it done."

**OUR DEFECT OF VISION.**—If our eyesight were microscopic, we could not enjoy the most common things around us. We are indebted to our defect of vision as well as to our possession of it. Blindness to the little faults of those about us in the social and family circle is as necessary. Some have it by a natural obtuseness, some by an overweening partiality. To some it comes by the habit of constant association, and to others from seeing that the little faults are connected with higher excellences. When we have arrived at it in this last way, and the faults, or rather foibles, do not touch the moral nature, it is best for us to let our critical faculty slumber for the small and near, and keep it wakeful for more important things—"falling into a trance, but having our eyes open."

Friends will not believe you love them if you constantly remind them of their little faults. Parents, above all others, have the privilege with their children; but they, too, should use it so as "not to provoke them to wrath."

He that esseth the miserable of their burden, shall hear many blessing him; fill the poor with food, and you shall never want treasure.

## MIRIAM:

## AND THE LIFE SHE LAID DOWN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

## CHAPTER I.

AFTER having dismissed the last of a dozen patients for whom he had prescribed in turn, Dr. Barton was about leaving his office, when the bell announced a new applicant for medical service. A young girl came in, stepping so lightly that the sound of her feet was scarcely heard. She was singularly beautiful—a pale brunette, with black hair, and deep blue eyes that were large and lustrous. Her figure, just a little below the medium height, was slender, round and graceful. She came forward with a quick movement, holding out a hand to the doctor, who said, with a shade of concern in his voice: "Why, Miriam! What brings you here to-night? No one seriously ill, I hope?"

The girl caught the doctor's hand in a nervous way. It was a moment or two before she answered.

"Oh, no; nothing very serious, I trust. But I'm troubled about father, and want to talk to you."

Her voice broke at the word "father," and she closed the sentence with two or three quick sobs.

Dr. Barton drew the girl to a chair and sat down in front of her.

"What about your father, Miriam?" he asked, trying to speak almost lightly.

"Oh, I can hardly tell. But he's so still and silent sometimes; and I often see a troubled look on his face."

"Something may be wrong in his affairs," said Dr. Barton.

"No, I don't believe it's that," replied the girl, a choking huskiness in her voice. "If there was anything wrong in his affairs, he'd set about righting it in a manly spirit. That's his way. He doesn't sit down and brood over things; at least I've never known him to do so."

"How long is it since you first noticed this change in your father?"

"It's been coming on for some time; for three or four months, at least."

"Has he complained of headache?"

The doctor asked this question in a tone of assumed indifference. But Miriam was not deceived by his manner, and fixed her eyes keenly on his face as she answered: "Yes; he's complained of that a great deal recently; and often of an unpleasant feeling in his head, which he says he cannot describe. And then he's getting to be irritable and impatient; and you know, doctor, how even-tempered he's always been."

The doctor let his eyes fall away from the girl's face, and remained silent for a considerable time.

"Anything else?" he asked, apparently rousing himself from a state of abstraction.

"He forgets things; and sometimes, in talking, he'll be at a loss for the commonest word. He's

getting worried about this, I can see. Don't you think he needs medical treatment, doctor? I've talked to him about it a number of times; but he answers that he's not sick, and will be all right again in a little while."

"How's his appetite?" asked the doctor.

"Not so good as it was."

"What about his sleeping?"

"He often complains of lying awake at night."

"Some temporary disturbance of the nervous system; nothing more, I presume," said Dr. Barton, in an assuring voice.

The girl fixed her large eyes on his face.

"But is there not great danger of its becoming permanent?" she asked.

"I think he should have medical advice," returned the doctor.

"There comes in the difficulty. The mere suggestion disturbs him. To-day, when I urged him to see you, he became irritated, and spoke half-angrily. And that you know is so unlike father!"

The girl's voice quivered, and tears shone in her eyes.

"Yes, that is unlike your father."

The grave look came back into the doctor's countenance. He was silent for some moments. Then, with a pleasant change of manner, he said: "How is Ruth?—the dear child!"

"Sweet as a rose, and bright as a sunbeam, the darling!" was answered, love and pride mingling in the girl's tones.

"Right well?"

"She has been; but when I put her to bed this evening her cheeks were like scarlet, and she seemed heavier than usual. But she plays hard, and gets tired out."

The doctor didn't reply for some moments. His silence lay like a weight upon Miriam's heart, in which a new fear was taking form.

"If," said Dr. Barton, at last breaking this silence, "Ruth should not be as bright as usual in the morning, you had better send for me early, and I will try to get round before your father goes out. He leaves for business at about nine o'clock, I think."

"But you don't imagine there's anything wrong with the child!" exclaimed Miriam, all the warm color going out of her face.

"Can't you see that I want an excuse for meeting your father?" said the doctor, a slight rebuke in his manner. "We have to use a little finesse sometimes."

The girl looked at him steadily, again trying to read his thoughts.

"Run home, now, child," said Dr. Barton, rising, "and if you can make any excuse for calling me in to-morrow morning, send early, and I'll be round before your father gets off to business."

Miriam Ray did not leave the doctor's office with a heart made any lighter by this visit. As she was descending the steps, a man who happened to be passing on the opposite pavement saw her in the strong light that fell from a near gas-lamp, and crossing quickly came to her side, uttering her name as he did so in a surprised voice, but with a tender familiarity.

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"O Edward!" exclaimed the girl, catching tightly hold of him; "I'm so glad to meet you!"

The young man felt her hands tremble as they grasped his arm.

"Why, Miriam! What are you doing here all alone? Is any one sick? Why didn't you send a servant for the doctor?" He spoke with the fond impatience of a lover.

The girl made no reply. Her anxiety about her father had never been revealed to any one until this evening; and only to the family physician under pressure of a fear that sought help or assurance.

The young man waited; but Miriam still remained silent.

"Nothing the matter with little Ruth, I hope?"

"No; at least nothing serious."

"Was it about her that you called at Dr. Barton's?"

No answer.

"Miriam."

Something in the young man's voice caused the girl to draw just a little away from him. Her hands, which had been almost clinging to his arm, relaxed their pressure and touched him now but lightly.

"Why don't you speak, Miriam? What's the matter? Who is sick?"

There was a shade of authority in the tones of the speaker, which were full and deep, indicating strength and decision of character.

Still the girl kept silent. But her companion became aware that she was drawing farther away from him and quickening her pace.

"O Miriam, dear! What is it?" he exclaimed, his whole manner changing. "Something is wrong!"

He drew her close to his side again, and took both of her hands in his. How suddenly cold they had become, chilling him with their touch.

"I am distressed, darling! Whatever hurts you, hurts me. Speak, I beg of you! A shadow has been coming down on you for some time, and I've felt troubled about it. Nothing wrong with your father, I hope."

The young man was pressing her too closely. Accepted lover though he was, and very dear, she could not unweave even to him the dreadful fear which had been for some time resting upon her heart; a fear that the doctor's manner had in no way dispelled. And so she still kept silent.

"What am I to understand by this, Miriam?" The tones were a little fretful and almost accusing. "Have you become suddenly afraid to trust me?"

"No, Edward." He hardly knew the voice of the girl beside him, it was so changed. "No, Edward; but there may be times with every one when to speak of what is in the heart, even to the best beloved, is impossible."

She had grown very calm, and her speech was without sign of emotion. Each was conscious at the instant of an intervening distance not before apparent; and the heart of each felt pain and alarm.

"Forgive me, darling," said the young man, with much feeling, "if I have seemed impatient.

Anything that hurts or troubles you, hurts and troubles me."

They walked on, silent again, and in a few moments paused in front of a handsome residence.

"Shall I come in?" asked the young man.

"Not this evening. It will be better." The voice had lost its steadiness.

He caught one of the maiden's hands to his lips; kissed it passionately; and then, as he turned to leave her, said: "God bless you, Miriam!"

A moment afterward the girl vanished through the door. As she came into the hall, she saw that lights were burning in the parlors. At the sound of her entrance, her father, whom she had left, as she supposed asleep in his easy chair, but who was now pacing through the parlors, came forward to meet her, with his brows a little contracted and an uneasy look on his handsome countenance.

Adam Ray, the father of the girl just introduced to the reader, was a little over fifty years of age. He had an unusually striking presence, with a head finely developed in the moral and intellectual regions. His clear, dark gray eyes, soft at times as a woman's, but with a steely flash in them when excited, and his strong yet sensitive mouth marked him as a man of deep feeling, united with acuteness and force of character. Though in the very prime of life, his hair was turning gray. It was short and wavy, curling back from his white temples and large forehead.

"Father, dear!" exclaimed Miriam, as she came forward, placing her hands upon his shoulders and looking up into his face, "I thought you were asleep when I went out. I've only been away for a few minutes."

"Away where?" he asked, knitting his brows, and looking at his daughter with a shade of doubt and suspicion in his eyes.

Only for an instant did Miriam hesitate. She was playing a difficult rôle. She must be right with herself and loyal to the truth; and yet, were she to answer her father's question without evasion, harm might be done. He would, judging from his recent strange displays of temper, grow very angry, and refuse to see the doctor if she should send for him in the morning.

"I ran around to see Dr. Barton for a moment," she replied, betraying in her voice but little of the anxiety that lay like a heavy weight on her heart.

"To see Dr. Barton! Who's sick? Why, Miriam!" Mr. Ray became agitated, "nothing's the matter with Ruth?"

"She's been playing too hard; that's all the doctor says."

"But what ails the child?"

"She seemed dull when I put her to bed, and I thought her skin hotter than usual."

"What did the doctor say about her?" Mr. Ray's face had grown pale.

"Oh, it's nothing serious, father. I was only a little foolish," replied Miriam, troubled anew at seeing how strangely moved her father had become.

"Foolish? Foolish? Foolish about what, Miriam?" A look of almost vacant inquiry came into the eyes of Mr. Ray, and his lips fell weakly



apart. But in a moment afterward his countenance was alive again with intelligence. "Oh, yes! it was about Ruth? Why didn't you tell me she was sick?"

"She isn't sick, father. She was dull, and her skin hotter than usual when I put her to bed; but there was no use in worrying you about it. You didn't seem very well yourself, and I wanted you to have a quiet evening. Ruth will be all right in the morning."

"I hope so," Mr. Ray said this weakly, and in a despondent voice, pressing a hand against one of his temples.

"Does your head ache, father?" inquired Miriam, not able to conceal her anxiety.

"Yes, dear. It's aching badly." He clasped both hands about his head.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Come up-stairs and lie down."

She drew him toward the door of the parlor, he yielding passively. They went up-stairs to a handsomely-furnished sitting-room, where Miriam induced him to recline upon a lounge. He closed his eyes in a weary way; while an expression of pain settled about his mouth. Then his daughter laid one of her soft hands with light, magnetic touches on his forehead and temples, and soothed him into rest and sleep.

His deeper breathing was the signal for her pent-up feelings to give way; but they only expressed themselves in silent tears that fell in large drops over her fair young cheeks. Fearing to awaken her father, Miriam sat almost as still as a statue for nearly half an hour, during which time the object of her deep solicitude lay in a profound slumber. At the end of this time, Mr. Ray awoke, and rising, glanced about the room with a questioning look.

"How long have I been sleeping?" he asked.

"Not a great while," Miriam returned.

He regarded her intently, and with a shade of bewilderment on his countenance.

"Who was here this evening? I'm trying to think, but can't, for my life, remember."

"No one, father."

"Oh, there was, I am sure."

"Not this evening. It was last evening. Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun called in, you know."

"So it was. Dear me! how dreadfully my memory is getting at fault. Things drop out in an instant, sometimes, and I can't find them again to save my life; at least not until I stop trying. I actually forgot my own name the other day. It was only for an instant, of course; but, somehow, it made me feel strangely. There's a sensation about my head that I don't like. A-a-a. Dear me! The word's as common as baker or briar!"

Mr. Ray tried in vain to remember the simple word he wished to use.

"Indeed, indeed, father, you must see Dr. Barton!" Miriam could not restrain herself; the peril of delay was too great.

He did not, as always before, make objection.

"You'll see him to-morrow, father, dear! won't you?"

"If it will make you feel any better, child."

Mr. Ray leaned toward Miriam in a loving way,

and she kissed him with a repressed tenderness that revealed but little of the agitation that lay beneath her quiet exterior.

"You are such a dear, good girl, Miriam. What should I do without you?"

His voice trembled, and he closed his eyes to hide the tears that were filling them.

"My dear, dear father! What should I do without you?" returned Miriam, her pent-up feelings giving way. She laid her face against the face of her father and sobbed for a while passionately—he soothing her with a loving gentleness not unmingled with surprise and concern.

"What troubles you so, darling?" he asked.

"What has gone wrong with my pet?"

"Oh, nothing has gone wrong?" Miriam answered, as soon as she could get sufficient command of her voice to speak. "Only I'm troubled about you, father. I don't like these headaches, nor this loss of appetite, and sleeplessness. If you'd just be good, and see the doctor, as I want you to."

She smiled in a fond, coaxing way, putting her arms about his neck and kissing him many times.

"If that's all, we'll soon get the clouds out of your sky, and have sunshine again. I'll see Dr. Barton in the morning and have a good long talk about my case. I was thinking to-day that it might be best to consult him. There are some things about my feelings that I don't altogether like."

A sober look came into Mr. Ray's eyes as he uttered the last sentence, and a shade of sadness gathered about his mouth. He had been more troubled in regard to his symptoms than Miriam knew; his real objection to seeing the doctor being grounded in a fear lest certain vague impressions that were beginning to crowd in upon him and assume tangible shape, should be confirmed. It was this state of mind that had made him impatient when his daughter spoke about his seeing a physician.

"I'm so glad, father," said Miriam. "Dr. Barton can help you, I am sure. And mind, you've got to do just as he says!"

"That will depend something on what he says," returned Mr. Ray, smiling. "You mustn't insist on too much. And mind, in return, my young lady, there's to be no collusion between you and the doctor. I'm not to be sent off to Egypt or China."

"No, we won't hand you over to any of the barbarians. So set your heart at rest," Miriam answered, with affected lightness. "But if the doctor says you must stop work for a while, if will have to be done."

"I can't stop work altogether; that's out of the question, child." Mr. Ray became more serious. "There is too much depending on my—my—my—" He stopped, vainly searching for the word he wished to use. Not finding it, he grew nervous and impatient. "Strange, isn't it?" He looked at his daughter in a half-dazed way. "What was I talking about? It's all gone from me! Oh, I was saying that too much depended on my—my—my grasp and control of things. Too many important

interests are at stake to let me drop out. The helm is in my hand, and the ship will be in danger if I let go. That's where the trouble lies, Miriam. I can't stop work—I can't let go of the helm."

"The captain's life is of more value than ship or cargo," said Miriam.

"True. But the captain must not desert his ship until the last extremity comes."

Miriam did not think it well to press her father more closely.

"We'll wait and see what Dr. Barton says," she answered, with assumed cheeriness.

"If he could help my head, I'd be all right," said Mr. Ray, a touch of despondency in his voice.

"I ought to have seen him before; but I've a nervous dread about consulting doctors, and can't bear the thought of getting into their hands."

"The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself," remarked Miriam, with the freedom of a petted child.

"While the simple pass on and are punished," said her father, completing the proverb. "You mean to class me with the simple."

"No; I would class you where you belong, father dear! With the wise and prudent," returned Miriam; "and I shall always hope to find you in their safe and honored company."

She kissed him again in her loving way, and laid her head fondly against him, shrinking close to his side, as if from a sudden sense of weakness.

"Don't trouble yourself about me, darling," said her father, as he laid his hand upon her head and smoothed the glossy hair with caressing fondness. "I shall be all right again in a little while."

"Not unless you have rest and change, father," replied Miriam. "I know what Dr. Barton will say; what any honest physician will say. You must have rest and change."

Mr. Ray's hand ceased its caressing movement. He was still and silent for so long a time that his daughter began to feel a sense of uneasiness. At last he drew himself away from her, and, rising, said: "Good-night, dear! I've had a hard day's work, and feel unusually tired. Good-night!"

He kissed her so coldly, and had such a strange, absent, troubled look, that Miriam felt a new alarm. She had become nervously anxious about her father, watching him with a painful solicitude that noted every varying aspect of his often rapidly changing states of mind. She held his hand as he turned to leave her, trying to detain him; but he drew it away, and walked from the room without once looking back.

As the door closed, Miriam dropped into a chair. She did not rise for nearly an hour, all of which time she remained as motionless as one who slept.

## CHAPTER II.

**A**DAM RAY was the senior member of a ship-ping house, and a man of great energy. His partners were all well-trained and efficient in their respective departments, yet his was the controlling mind, and his the sagacity that lifted the business to success. But he had overtaxed himself, and, as

the reader has seen, was beginning to break down. His wife had been dead three years, since which time the care of his household had devolved on his oldest daughter, Miriam, now in her twenty-first year, and gifted with uncommon beauty. To her rare personal charms were added the higher graces of a mind well cultured, and of a spirit in harmony with all that was pure and good. To know her was to love her. She attracted wherever she appeared. If she knew that she was beautiful, she did not betray its consciousness. Frank and sympathetic, she possessed the happy faculty of making every one feel at ease; and yet there was a quiet dignity about her that repelled undue familiarity. Respect mingled with the admiration that all felt for the lovely girl.

There were two children besides Miriam, a son ten years of age, and a little daughter three years old, who was born only a few weeks before her mother's death. At the time of this sad bereavement, Miriam, then eighteen, had made her appearance in society, and was winning all hearts. Her singular beauty, intelligence and grace of manner made her a centre of attraction. It was not possible for a young and beautiful girl to find herself so courted and admired, and not feel pride and pleasure. There were those who, watching her closely, could see, after a few months of the new life into which society had drawn her, a change. The sweet artlessness of manner that gave her such a charm, was fast giving place to the self-consciousness which always robs beauty of its most delicate bloom. She might have been spoiled but for the sad event which took her out of the gay circles of fashion, and changed the whole current of her thoughts and feelings—the death of her mother.

With this event, Miriam dropped for more than a year out of society; and in that year the foundations of a true and noble character were deeply laid in the ground of her nature. She had need, in her new life, of a woman's strength and a woman's self-devotion; and love dowered her with both, and dowered her richly. The baby sister, that fell from her mother's lifeless arms upon her bosom, filled her with a yearning tenderness as pure and unselfish as the love which God poured into that mother's heart when she felt the first soft touches of its cheek against her yearning breast.

Miriam was past all danger of being spoiled when, a year after her mother's death, she again made her appearance in society. She was a woman now, in that higher development of character which gives to womanhood its truest charm. The winning, artless grace of the young maiden had changed to the woman's more dignified bearing; and the beauty which dazzled and half-bewildered in its flash and change, now shone with a steadier lustre, and awoke a deeper sentiment and a higher admiration with all who beheld her.

She had suitors, many, but she kept her heart free for a long time, and until one came who seemed to body forth the ideal of her maiden fancy. A quiet, dignified, and rather reserved young man, named Edward Cleveland, met her one evening at the house of a friend. Something

in the expression of his eyes as she looked into them for the first time, and something in the tones of his voice, as his first courteous words dropped into her ears, stirred her heart strangely. It was noticed by the friend she was visiting that Miriam was not at her best during the evening; and she rallied her once or twice on her lack of spirits. The young man, on the contrary, was reader of speech than usual, and showed a culture, taste and sentiment that marked him as one possessing rare intellectual and moral qualities. Miriam listened, subdued and charmed, unconsciously investing him with all the high and noble qualities of her ideal man. It was the beginning of an acquaintance that ripened into a love both strong and deep. With Miriam it absorbed her very life.

Edward Cleveland was not an entire stranger to Mr. Ray. He knew him as one of the partners in a large mercantile house, of which the young man's father was the oldest member. Edward had been liberally educated, and then carefully trained for business. He inherited from his father a tough mental quality, and that clear inner sight and quiet force of character which usually commands success. From his mother he had tenderness and sentiment and a large capacity for loving. If he did not include all the perfections of Miriam's ideal man, he had a greater share of them than is possessed by one in a hundred.

He had offered himself and been accepted, and Miriam could imagine no happiness larger and more abounding than that which she felt was soon to crown her life, when a faint shadow began intruding itself into the sunny atmosphere in which she dwelt, and a fear of some impending evil to lay its cold fingers upon her heart. Her father's health, which had always been good, showed signs of failing; and his disposition, which had been even-tempered, rippled at times with sudden breaks of angry impatience.

The weight of concern, which grew heavier with Miriam day by day, as she noted new evidences of an unhealthy change in her father's disposition, began to attract the notice of her lover; and, as was natural, drew from him inquiries as to the cause. In no case did her response to these inquiries satisfy the young man. There was the impression on his mind of one drawing a little away from him whenever he referred to the subject. She did not answer him with evasive replies, but met his questions with a silence embarrassing to both of them.

Thus it had been up to the time when the young man met her on the street as she was returning from her visit to the office of Dr. Barton. His interview with Miriam on that occasion left his mind in great perplexity and concern. That something was going wrong had now become plain. What was it? To this question he found no satisfactory answer, though a hundred vague guesses were in his thoughts; some of them coming nearer to the truth than he at first imagined.

One thing gradually settled itself, and this was, that the trouble which he saw coming into the mind of his betrothed had something to do with

her father. He had not failed to notice, of late, certain unaccountable things in his temper and manner; and once or twice he had been annoyed and half angry at the abrupt and singular way in which he had treated him. On the day after his unsatisfactory interview with Miriam, his father said: "Edward, if what I hear is true, there's something wrong about Mr. Ray."

"What have you heard?" asked the young man, startled by the remark.

"A gentleman told me yesterday that, in a recent transaction, Mr. Ray had treated him in a most unaccountable manner; and I have heard from two or three sources, of late, that he is growing irritable, and does not always show the clear head which has for so many years distinguished him in business circles. Have you noticed anything unusual?"

"Yes; and it's been troubling me for some time. I haven't spoken of it because it troubled me; and because I've been trying to think my fancy had exaggerated mere trifles into undue importance."

"What have you noticed?"

"A number of things, each, perhaps, of little significance in itself, but, when taken together, indicative of something wrong. There are signs of nervous irritability about him, which is a condition entirely new to Mr. Ray. He has always been, as you know, such an even-tempered man, and so marked in the courtesy of his speech."

"Have you talked with Miriam about it?" asked the elder Mr. Cleveland.

"No, sir. I've tried to do so once or twice, but obtained no response whatever; and what troubles me most is the effect this change in her father is too evidently producing on Miriam."

"Can anything be going wrong in the business of his firm?"

"It may be; but I think not. The house has always done a safe business."

"Yes; Mr. Ray has managed with great prudence. He is one of your true merchants. I doubt if he ever made or lost a dollar in any mere speculative venture. I've heard him say that no fortune which did not fairly represent service to the community in which it was built up, was laid on a solid foundation. That, in so far as it was acquired by mere speculation, in which one gains through the loss of many, it was the robber's gain, and could not, under the laws of compensation which act as surely in the moral world as in the world of nature, have any permanence."

"Yes; I've heard him say as much. He's down on all speculation; but, as far as I can understand him, he is a little over-scrupulous. Nine out of ten will not hesitate about taking their chance against his theory, if a good opportunity for making a few thousand out of a rise in the price of stocks or merchandise should offer. I'm sure I would not."

"That is nothing against the truth of his theory," said the elder Mr. Cleveland, with considerable gravity of manner. "But whether it be true or false, we all know that speculation is the curse of legitimate business, and plays the part of a robber—that the speculator is the freebooter of modern

society, who plunders his victims without remorse whenever by force or stratagem he can get them into his power. Mr. Ray holds that no man of true honor can be a speculator. And if we look down into the heart of things, we shall find, I apprehend, that Mr. Ray is right."

"I can't see what honor has to do with it," returned Edward. "I wrong no man when I buy a hogshead of sugar, or a box of prints, and store it to await looked-for advance in price."

"Not if by so doing you create a rise in the market, and compel several millions of people to pay a cent more a pound or a yard for their sugar or calico?"

"That couldn't be. My little speculation would have no such influence on the market."

"No; but the combination, of which you had voluntarily become a part, would have such an effect. The general holding for a rise would so reduce available stocks as at once to put up the price to consumers, and compel them to pay tribute to a set of men who were strong enough in money-power to exact it. In what does this really differ in spirit from the old ways, in which the strong by force of arms exacted tribute from the weak? In what does the capitalist, who by the power of money is able to extort from a million of persons a dollar each that is not honestly his due, differ from the armed plunderer, who by brute force robs the defenceless? Only in the manner of doing. The spirit is the same; and but for the social forces and legal restraints that hold men back from open violence, many a gentlemanly speculator of to-day would be a bold buccaneer or a leader of banditti."

"I would be careful, father," said the young man, "about expressing these sentiments. They can only give offence."

"I express them to you, Edward, in order that you may see their truth."

"Which I am free to say that I do not. I should be very sorry to class Mr. Victor, for instance, with the robber or freebooter."

"Let us take Mr. Victor, then," returned Mr. Cleveland, "and see how he will stand. Mr. Victor is reputed to be worth many millions. I know something about his business ethics, and do not think them much higher than the ethics of Robin Hood; while, so far as practice is concerned, the English outlaw showed himself in many instances the better man of the two. Mr. Victor will not hesitate to attack a business competitor, and utterly destroy him if possible. Let me give you a fact or two. Ten years ago a rising firm in this city was unfortunate enough to get the ill-will of Mr. Victor, and he pursued that firm with a relentless hate that never slept until he had driven it into bankruptcy."

"But how was that possible?"

"It became possible through the speculative tendencies of the firm. Had it confined itself to legitimate trade, Mr. Victor could not have done it any serious harm. But it was in the habit of buying large stocks of goods in certain lines that fluctuated in the market, as men buy stocks in anticipation of a rise, and holding them for an advance in price. Victor would watch the opera-

tions of this firm, stocking up as it stocked in any special line, and then, just as the looked-for harvest was about being reaped, would break the market, and sell at a ruinous reduction. A heavy loss to the speculating firm was the consequence. Victor lost as well; but what did the man worth millions care for the loss of ten or fifteen thousand dollars, if he could involve his weaker rival in an equal or greater loss? Under an antagonism like this, it only took a year or two for Mr. Victor to drive this young competitor from the field. The head of that firm is now a bookkeeper, in poor health, his life gradually wasting under the excessive work and close confinement to which he is subjected. But for the wicked assault made on him, he might now be worth his hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"This is not the only instance in which Victor has pursued a rival in business with a bitterness that only destruction could satisfy. He has not always been able to cripple or destroy his antagonists—though his will was good—but the losses he has brought upon other firms, if they could be known, would, I am sure, count by millions. Now, if he is any better in spirit than the old-time robber, I am unable to see it. His money gives him the power to serve or to hurt his neighbor. But he does not care for his neighbor; he cares only for himself; and in seeking his selfish ends he strikes down and destroys remorselessly all who happen to come in his way. And in the nature of things, under the pressure of rival interests, many must and do come in his way. If it were your misfortune, Edward, so to cross the path of this man, for whom you seem to have so high a respect, he would trample on you as he would trample on a worm. It is vain to deceive ourselves, my son. We cannot get grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles. A good tree is known by its fruit; and Mr. Victor is not a good tree."

"Where will you find one, then?" asked Edward.

"Mr. Ray is a good tree; and that brings us back to where we started—this change in him, which many have noticed of late. The cause lies, most probably, in the stress and strain of overwork. He should consult his physician. You had better have a talk with Miriam at once, and get down, if possible, to the seat of trouble. Men rarely, if ever, wholly recover from that collapse of physical and mental power which sometimes follows an overstrain of mind and body; and Mr. Ray may be just in this danger."

"I will see Miriam to-night," returned the young man, "and have a serious talk about her father; that is," he added, with a changing manner, "if I can induce her to talk on the subject. But of late a shadow of reserve seems to be creeping over her."

"No so much reserve as concern," said Mr. Cleveland. "We often mistake one for the other. Her love for her father is very strong."

"So strong," returned the young man, "that it makes me half jealous at times."

"I don't like to hear you say that, Edward," replied Mr. Cleveland, his voice softening. "Neither



lover nor husband should ever grudge the father his due share in the heart of his child."

"It isn't the due share, but the undue share to which I object."

"Most lovers are selfish in their love, and too apt to forget that the object of their affection has been for years cradled in a love purer than theirs; a love that has given everything and claimed nothing. Can any return for this be called an undue share?"

"Probably not," said Edward, smiling. "But as in marriage a man is enjoined to leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife, it would seem as if the rule should in all fairness work both ways. I can't bear the thought of anything coming between me and Miriam. I want her all to myself, and for myself."

"The wholly selfish end, my son," answered Mr. Cleveland, "always defeats itself; and let me warn you of a sad disappointment to come if you expect any such exclusive appropriation of another as you suggest. The fact of becoming a wife does not make a woman any the less a daughter."

"No, of course not; but—" Edward checked himself, adding a moment afterward, "I'm very selfish, I confess, and shall be punished for it, no doubt."

"If the punishment could rest only with yourself, all right, say I; but it usually happens that in our discipline others become involved and have to share in our suffering. If you really love Miriam—and I think her worthy of your love beyond most young women I have met—do not seek to draw her heart away from her father; it is large enough to hold you both. Such an attempt on your part would utterly fail; and it is my belief, that if the question of a choice between you and her father should ever be forced upon her, she will cling to her father, though her heart break."

Mr. Cleveland's manner was deeply serious. The effect of this conversation on the mind of Edward was different from what his father had hoped to produce. The young man's selfish love was alarmed. If Mr. Ray's health were really breaking, as he now feared, Miriam's love for her father would naturally take on an intenser quality and she would become more absorbed in her care for him. Edward could not think of this without feeling that it must involve disaffection toward himself. For the cause of such an anticipated disaffection—Miriam's father—a feeling akin to dislike crept stealthily into his mind, and obtained a lodgment, in spite of his feeble efforts to keep it out.

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN Mr. Ray made his appearance at breakfast time on the morning after his introduction to the reader, he was pale and haggard, like one exhausted by bodily pain or mental suffering. Miriam greeted him with her usual affectionate manner, but not even the faintest smile lit up his face; and the kiss he returned for the ardent pressure of her lips, was coldness itself. To her inquiries as to how he had slept, and how he was feeling, he gave unsatisfactory answers.

"You are going to see Dr. Barton," Miriam said, as her father rose from the table after taking only a cup of coffee.

"Not to-day," he replied, in a tone that expressed annoyance.

"But, father—"

"There, there! I don't wish to hear anything more about Dr. Barton." Mr. Ray's manner was impatient. "I'm not sick, and don't mean to be worried by doctors."

Miriam had also risen from the table. She came round quickly to where her father stood, and drew her arm about him. He turned himself away from her, and moved a few steps toward the door; but she held him closely and walked by his side, saying, in a tone of loving authority which she forced herself to assume: "You are going to see Dr. Barton this very morning, father, if I have to take you there myself. We settled that last night."

"Settled what?" Mr. Ray asked, his manner changing and a blank, half-bewildered look coming into his face.

"The question about consulting Dr. Barton," returned Miriam, her voice choking. She had noticed before, as well as now, this sudden and singular change in her father's countenance, and it made her heart grow faint.

"Oh, yes, yes," Mr. Ray answered, his tones a trifle husky and marked by depression, "I remember. But you pressed me too closely last night. Didn't give me a chance to make up my mind with due judgment."

"A promise is sacred, and I must hold you to its fulfillment," said Miriam. "If my father doesn't keep his word with me, who am I to trust?" She tried to speak lightly.

"I don't want to see Dr. Barton. I'd as lief have a tooth drawn. I know what he will say."

"I never thought before that my father was a coward. Don't you know that the worst kind of cowardice is that which keeps a man from doing the thing he sees to be right—moral cowardice?" Miriam still spoke with affected lightness and banter.

"You must have your will, I suppose," said Mr. Ray, his face becoming very sober. "I'll see Dr. Barton on my way to the store."

"This morning?"

"Yes."

Miriam kissed her father; and as he looked into her large, loving eyes, he saw that they were brimming with tears.

"My foolish girl!" said Mr. Ray, putting an arm about her, and drawing her to his side. "Why are you troubling yourself about me? I shall be all right again, soon. Have been working too hard of late. We'll go off and make a little trip together. What do you say? Will that satisfy you?"

"Oh, I shall like it above all things!" exclaimed Miriam. "And you're really in earnest, father?"

"Yes; I have business that will require close attention for a week or two, and then we'll take a little holiday together."

"That will be so nice," returned Miriam, her beautiful face lighting up with pleasure. "Ask



Dr. Barton, when you see him this morning, where we had better go—to the seashore or the mountains."

"Is it worth while to see the doctor now?" asked Mr. Ray. "It's settled that I am to take a holiday; and that is about all he would recommend."

"Of course it's worth while. What an incorrigible man you are!" returned Miriam, with something more than affected seriousness.

"Have it your own way, my little mistress!" said the father, breaking off from Miriam. "I'll see Dr. Barton and have it out with him."

As Mr. Ray had anticipated, Dr. Barton's prescription went far beyond a two weeks' trip to seashore or mountain.

"You must have at least six months' entire rest from business," said the doctor. He was grave and emphatic.

"Six months! Oh, that is impossible! I can't take six weeks," replied the merchant.

"Voluntary rest," said the doctor, "is always better than enforced rest, and usually of shorter duration. You must take your choice. The rest is sure to come."

He saw a startled look in Mr. Ray's eyes, and a swift shadow sweep over his face.

"I speak soberly and in great earnest," added the doctor.

"But you may not understand my case; or may regard it too seriously."

"I understand it thoroughly, Mr. Ray; and, as your physician, make the only safe prescription. If you are not satisfied, take farther professional advice; but do not trifle in a matter of such deep concern to yourself. Should your health break, and throw you into permanent invalidism, you lose the best life has to give; and let me assure you that you stand to-day in imminent danger of this calamity."

Instead of going from the doctor's office to his store, Mr. Ray went home. He had dreaded this consultation, and put it off as one puts off the time for a painful operation, until he could defer it no longer. Suspense was over. The shadowy fear which had haunted him for months stood sternly now in real presence before him, barring his way. To throw himself, in blind self-will, upon this evil thing which had at last met him face to face, he knew to be simple madness. What could he do, in the first dark and bitter hours that followed this consultation, but fold his hands and sit in a kind of dumb despair. He was not ready for a consummation like this. To be stopped in mid-career, his life-aims but half accomplished, was something he could not accept with even a pretense of resignation.

Whether Dr. Barton were wise or not in speaking so decidedly to Mr. Ray, cannot be said. He knew that nothing but strong language would have weight with his patient; and believed that no effect of this strong language could possibly be worse than a continued devotion to business, which must be broken in order to prevent the disastrous consequences that he saw impending. The shock to Mr. Ray was greater than he had anticipated. His masterful will had kept him up,

and enabled him, in a measure, to hold his own against a disease that was attacking the noblest of his vital organs; but now that he saw himself so absolutely in the power of this disease that all his dearest life-interests must be sacrificed to save being utterly stricken down, his heart died in him.

It was nothing against the native strength and manliness of Mr. Ray's character that the doctor's ultimatum so broke his spirit, and took as it were the very life out of him. This result was due largely to the disease, and was one of its sad symptoms.

In less than an hour after Mr. Ray went out to call on his physician, Miriam heard him return and go up to his room, walking with a slow, heavy tread, every sound of which seemed to strike against her heart. She waited for nearly half an hour, listening for some movement; but all remained still. Suspense grew at last into fear, and she could restrain herself no longer. Going to her father's room, she knocked, but received no answer. She knocked again, striking the door with hard, quick raps. A faint voice, that had in it scarcely a familiar tone, answered. On entering, she found her father sitting at a table with his head bent down and resting on his arms. He raised himself in a slow, weary way as she came in, and looked at her with sorrowful, half-reproachful eyes.

"O father!" cried Miriam, crossing the room swiftly, and putting her arms about his neck. "What is the matter?"

"You would have your way!" he answered, a touch of bitterness and a shade of accusation in his mournful voice. "I knew how it would be. I knew what the doctor would say; and it's all over with me now. I might have kept on and fought it out. It was my only chance. But now!"

A slight spasm shook him for a moment; and again he dropped his face, hiding it on his folded arms.

"What did the doctor say, father?" Miriam asked, in a low, steady voice, controlling her agitation as she spoke.

Mr. Ray did not answer nor lift his head.

"What did the doctor say?" Miriam repeated her question. But her father made no response.

"Nothing that the doctor has said can make you any better or any worse. You will be better, I am sure, if you take heed to what he has said."

"How do you know what he has said?" There was an impatient demand in the voice of Mr. Ray as he lifted his head and looked up at his daughter. "Is there a conspiracy against me between you and Dr. Barton? If I thought so!"

An angry gleam came into his face.

"I am sure he has spoken truthfully, father, whatever the words may be," said Miriam, her voice still firm and quiet. "And now won't you tell me what he did say, that we may talk it over together, and get out of it the best it may have to give."

"The best! There's no best in it."

"Perhaps I can find a silver lining to the cloud that looks so black to you. My eyes are clear and strong, you know, father, dear?" Miriam drew

her father quick n I know let it ca "Wh thing "Ent "Yes "Did "He means t "I do to wor than ev "And "I do "Perl you kno bilities would a compete He ha play of an insta its plac fingers temple, lips. "O fa arms ab "It's moment my head "Sent just now is no use "It is Ray, m out of w said, ge dear. Y a sea of calmnes And s step on looked o was pale "Are He sai out paus In the Miriam. of his c girl's spi did bot looking tea in si had sou failed, t spirit wh impossi The co his fath ming an life. It riam bec interests

her father's head back against her bosom with a quick motion and kissed him. "Now tell me all. I know it will be better than the fears you have let it cast into my heart."

"What he enjoins," said Mr. Ray, "means nothing less than my going out of business."

"Entirely?"

"Yes."

"Did he say that you must quit entirely?"

"He said six months of complete rest, and that means stop altogether."

"I don't see it so, father. You may come back to work, after six months, fresher and stronger than ever."

"And find no work to do, possibly."

"I don't understand you."

"Perhaps not. And that is little wonder, for you know nothing of the great business responsibilities that rest on me; nor of the disasters that would surely come were they transferred to incompetent or untrustworthy hands."

He had turned, and was looking at Miriam. The play of his features was strong and rapid. But in an instant the rippling motion died out and left in its place a few rigid lines. He pressed the open fingers of his right hand hard against his right temple, a murmur of pain sighing through his lips.

"O father!" ejaculated Miriam, putting her arms about him again, "what is it?"

"It's over now," Mr. Ray replied, after a few moments. "One of the sharp pains that go through my head now and then."

"Sent in kindly warning," said Miriam; "and, just now, to enforce the doctor's injunction. There is no use in resistance, father."

"It is so easy to talk, my child," returned Mr. Ray, moodily; and then relapsed into a silence out of which Miriam tried to draw him; but he said, gently: "I can't talk any more just now, dear. You must leave me alone. My mind is in a sea of unrest, and I want to think it back into calmness, if that be possible."

And so she left him. In an hour she heard his step on the stairs, and met him in the hall. He looked older in her eyes by many years. His face was pale and wore a troubled expression.

"Are you going to the store?" Miriam asked.

He said "Yes," and passed into the street without pause or remark.

In the evening Edward Cleveland called to see Miriam. It was the first time the announcement of his coming had cast a shadow on the young girl's spirits, or laid a weight upon her heart. It did both now. Her father had returned home, looking sick and exhausted; and after taking his tea in silence had retired to his room. Miriam had sought to draw him into conversation, but failed. She was more than usually troubled in spirit when Edward called, and felt a constraint impossible to shake off.

The conversation held by the young man with his father had greatly disturbed his mind, dimming and blurring one of his beautiful ideals of life. It had never occurred to him that after Miriam became his by marriage, she could have any interests, cares or affections that did not centre in

himself; that his possession of her could be in any sense a divided possession. She was to be his, to have and to hold against all others. From this vain dream he was awakened by the few sentences which had dropped from his father's lips. A veil fell from before his eyes, and the future, seen in clearer vision, lost much of its sweet enchantment.

"Your father is not well, Miriam," said Cleveland, soon after meeting his betrothed that evening, breaking, half desperately, through the wall of reserve that was rising between them. "I have seen this for some time. I trust there is no serious failure in his health."

A sudden pallor whitened the girl's face, and she caught her breath with a gasp, at the same time drawing a little back from her lover, who, pained and alarmed by such unexpected signs of feeling, sat dumb for a few moments, not knowing what to do or say.

"My dear, dear Miriam!" broke at length from his lips, as he took one of her hands and held it in a tightening pressure, "what can all this mean?"

Some moments passed before Miriam gained sufficient control of herself to answer.

"The doctor says that my father must give up business for at least six months." She steadied her voice as she spoke, and fixed her eyes on her lover's face. She saw a change in its expression that she did not understand. It seemed to create a distance between them.

"Oh, no! It can't be as serious as that!" returned Edward.

"I fear that it is," replied Miriam, the weakness she had tried to overcome quivering in her voice. "My father has been overworking himself too long."

"Six months! How can he possibly get away for six months? What is he going to do? What does your father say?"

"He has but one thing to do, and that is to obey his physician, and leave the rest to God," answered Miriam, trying to get back her lost calmness. She spoke with reverence and resignation.

"Has his physician ordered him away?" asked the young man.

"Perfect rest from business for at least six months, and change of scene, are the positive injunctions."

"And your father will do as he says?"

"Can he do less?" Miriam fixed her questioning eyes on Edward's face.

"And you?"

"What about me?"

"If your father goes away—"

"I must go with him," answered Miriam, the paleness coming back into her face. But eyes and voice were steady.

Some moments elapsed before Edward spoke again.

"This is indeed sad news," he said; "sad for us all; and something to which I shall not get reconciled. Miriam! Miriam! How can I let you go away? It will take all the sunshine from my life."

Edward was thinking more of himself than of

Miriam, and this the maiden's quick insight perceived. She did not reply, nor in any way respond to the ardor of his manner. A great darkness seemed to fall upon her. She had an impression as of one standing where two paths diverge; one leading through pleasant fields and by cool waters, and the other into a dreary wilderness; while a power she could not resist seemed forcing her into the lone and desolate way her soul shrank from entering.

"And from your life also," added her lover, his voice regaining its tenderness, as though he had become conscious of having left her out in his absorbing thought of himself.

Miriam lifted her large, beautiful eyes to the young man's face, and as he looked down into their clear depths, he saw something in their expression that moved him strangely.

"Let us hope for the best," he said. "God is good."

He saw the tears flooding her eyes, and, stooping, kissed her. She could hold back her feelings no longer. A quick spasm ran through her frame, and she laid her head, sobbing, against his breast.

*(To be continued.)*

### MY FATHER AND I.

BY MRS. L. A. B. CURTIS.

"I THINK you ought to stay at home and help your mother to-night, Helena."

It was my father who spoke, so I hung up my hat again, without a word, for his wish was law in our household. But my heart grew sick with disappointment—could it be rebellion?

Surely not; for I was one of the young converts of the revival, then in progress, and had not missed a single meeting, day or evening, for three weeks, until to-night.

How well I remember that night. I can even see again the wistful, tender look of my mother, as her eyes sought mine for an assurance that I yielded a loving and willing compliance to my father's suggestion.

How many mothers seek and hope in vain for some return of their sympathy and love from their daughters.

The sad, patient look settled upon her dear, pale face. What would I not give to-day if I might kiss away those lines of care and disappointed love, and tell her how, at last, all her abundance of affection is appreciated, since I have found that there is no love on earth so tender and abiding as mother love. But maybe she knows it, in Heaven, and is glad.

But I know my manner was wickedly ungracious, then, when I asked her what she had for me to do.

"I was not able to finish the ironing, Helena. I tried two or three times, but I think it must have been one of my faint spells, for I had to lie down."

I went about it in silence. Not a word of sympathy or affection. In my wilful heart, I felt that I was enduring a species of persecution for the sake of my religion.

My mother made another effort to win a gentle word from me.

"I suppose you rather go to the prayer-meeting, dear?" she said.

"I think the Lord's work is of the first importance," I replied, sullenly.

My mother sighed; then, after a little while, she resumed, gently: "I don't know but it is *all* the Lord's work, Helena. He has made it necessary that we should care for our food and raiment, and when I am working to make my children comfortable and happy, I feel as though it was the work the Lord has given me to do."

"I can never think that we should give the wants of the body our chief consideration, to the neglect of the undying soul," I returned.

Then she said no more, and I went on with the ironing, feeling very unhappy, wondering that my father said nothing, for I knew he had heard what had passed between us, though he never raised his eyes from his paper.

I heard the clock tick. I thought of the stirring scenes at the church. Now they were singing some favorite song. Now they were all kneeling under the softened glow of the chandeliers. Now they were just singing the invitation hymn:

"Come ye sinners, poor and needy,"

and my young companions were pressing forward to the altar, and I longed to be there to go among them and entreat them to "Come to Jesus, just now." Every evening I had taken some one of my schoolmates in my arms and led her to the altar. But to-night I was compelled to exchange such glorious work for the ignoble task of ironing. The tears were ready to fall. I had given myself, heart and soul, to this revival. There was a fascination in the excitement, the weeping and mourning, the shouting and rejoicing, and particularly in the sweet, pathetic hymns, which sounded like Heaven's own music to my ears, that possessed great attractions for me. I forgot everything in my intense enthusiasm—forgot home, household duties and even my dear mother.

It had not yet occurred to me that there was any other work for me to do than this, "the Lord's work."

My father did not join with us in the revival work. He attended church twice on the Sabbath, as usual, and that was all. I had begun to consider the propriety of expostulating with him upon his coldness and indifference, but it was very difficult to approach my father on such subjects. He had never opposed my taking my own course, until now, and I felt like a martyr.

My mother retired early. I finished the ironing, struggling afresh with my tears when I heard the voices in the street of the people returning from meeting.

As I was about going to my room, my father laid down his paper, his penetrating eyes sweeping my face, while the rebellious flood surged to my brow, and said: "Sit down, Helena, I want to talk with you."

I flung myself into a chair. Yes, the movement was pettish and angry, but I was young and excitable, and my father was so calm.

"You think you have got religion, daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you quite sure of it?"

"My evidence is very clear."

"You think you have a new heart?"

"Yes, sir; I think the Saviour has forgiven my sins and accepted me as His child."

"In what respect is this new heart an improvement upon the old one?"

"I know you do not sympathize with me father," I exclaimed, passionately; "but I did not think you would mock at such things!" and I burst into tears.

"You misunderstand me, my child." His voice trembled a little. "I am not mocking you or your experiences. These seasons of excitement do not move me, while other men are roused and inflamed by them, and I do not pretend to say it is not the Lord's doing. Temperaments differ very widely in these matters. You are young and enthusiastic, my daughter, and I do not judge you by my own phlegmatic temperament. I have said to myself, 'She thinks the Lord is leading her; and perhaps He is leading her into mysterious, holy ways that I may never know.' Helena, I have not interfered with this thing. I want my child to be a noble Christian woman. But are not some deceived?"

"I suppose some are; but I think I have the assurance that I have been born again."

"What assurance, Helena?"

"I feel the Spirit of God witnessing with mine that I am a child of God."

"I say again, Helena, that I do not presume to judge for others in this thing; but I want my daughter to take care she is not deceived. May there not be a chance to mistake fanaticism and exaltation of feeling for true religion? I read in the Bible that the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, etc. To-night you did not exhibit love toward your mother, no joy in your religion away from your meeting, no peace of mind, neither gentleness or meekness. You were sullen toward your mother, grieving her with your unkindness, and ungracious to me. There are other duties beside praise and prayer; and ministering to the sick, and caring tenderly for the wants of others, are some of the cardinal principles laid down by Christ and the apostles. Think of it, Helena, and pray over it, my child. When I see you loving and dutiful to your invalid mother in all the beauty of Christian affection, I will no longer question the soundness of your religious experience."

I went to my room, and threw myself upon the bed in all the abandon of anger and humiliation. It is hard for the impetuous and passionate heart of youth to comprehend and submit to the calm wisdom of age.

At first I was in a frenzy of angry passion; but when this had spent itself in hysterical sobbing, the affectionate counsels of my father began to appeal to my better judgment. A multitude of scriptural texts came thronging to my mind.

"Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven."

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."

"Charity suffereth long and is kind, is not puffed up; charity vaunteth not herself, is not easily provoked, doth not behave herself unseemly."

Every word condemned me. I was puffed up with the pride of self-righteousness, was easily provoked, and had behaved in the most unseemly manner. Gradually the truth began to enter my soul. I saw my conduct in the true light, and tears of bitter contrition began to flow.

Then I prayed for grace to live aright. I prayed for that religion that should enable me to make others happy. I resolved that I would no more look within my own heart, seeking for emotions of pleasure or pain as evidences of religion; but, forgetting myself, look about me to lighten the cares of others, "comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men."

I shuddered to think how I had deceived myself in thinking I was a child of God, while my heart was full of anger and unkindness.

I scarcely slept all night. My unfilial conduct grew more and more despicable in my eyes, and my father, whom I had looked upon as a lost sinner, now appeared like an apostle of the truth.

I rose early, and with a fervent prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I went down to prepare my father's breakfast.

I acknowledge with shame that I had allowed my feeble mother to perform this task, even after my "conversion." Now I felt that this was indeed a sin.

I went to her room, and kissed her tenderly, and bade her lie still and I would get breakfast. Then I went about preparing the most appetizing breakfast of which I was capable. I baked the potatoes and broiled the steak with great care, boiled the eggs by pouring boiling water on them and letting them stand on the stone hearth. I stirred an egg into the coffee to insure its clearness, placed a fresh napkin and a cluster of sweet peas by my father's plate, and was surprised to find that I was enjoying myself greatly in thus trying to do my best.

When my father came in he bade me good-morning very cordially, and seemed pleased to see me getting breakfast so cheerfully. But I was not at ease. I felt that there was still a duty unperformed. I did not hesitate.

"Father," I said, before he sat down to his breakfast, "I am very sorry for my conduct last night. It was very undutiful and wicked, and I hope you will forgive me, and I will try and be a better girl."

He did not speak, and when I looked up in wonder, I felt that he could not. Tears were in his eyes. He drew me to his breast and kissed my cheek. When he could speak, he only said: "Now, Helena, I believe the Lord is leading you into the light of His truth."

Then the younger children came in, and presently mother appeared, looking refreshed with her morning nap.

When Tommy asked me, in his irreverent, boy fashion, how many new ones got religion last night, I did not chide him with grim severity, as



usual, but only said, playfully, "Little boys should not ask so many questions."

I remember that mother praised my cooking, and declared my steak was nicer than hers, and said she must take lessons of me.

Sasie observed that the coffee was "unusually remarkable" for clearness, and wondered—to Tommy—if going to the meetings made folks improve in cooking. Tommy immediately retorted that Sasie had better go herself.

I could feel the angry blood rising at the implied taunts, and I had always been in the habit of replying sharply and severely to the sarcasms of Tommy and Sasie, but I said to myself, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city," and so I passed it by, and changed the subject.

I remember that it occurred to me that morning that the sweetness of praise and encouragement that my mother never failed to bestow upon each member of the family, might possibly be acceptable to God as the incense of a pure and holy religion.

I am thankful, too, that among the grateful memories of that morning, is the recollection that I made my mother's heart glad by acknowledging my past ingratitude.

I can still feel the tender touch of her hand upon my hair, as I sat at her feet, and hear the tones of her gentle voice, as she said: "I always thought you would see these things in a different light when you were older, daughter, and would then be a great comfort to me."

She did not mean to chide me, but well I knew that I had not been a comfort to her. From that time, however, I am sure that she rested in my love, and leaned upon me for support.

Our conversation was interrupted that morning by the entrance of Aunt Nattie, one of the brightest luminaries of the church.

"Good morning, Sister Helena," she said. "I thought you must be sick, or you never would have stayed away from meeting last night. Such a glorious meeting as we had. There were fourteen came forward to be prayed for, and the power seemed to come right down."

"No, I wasn't sick, but mother was, and I had to stay at home and finish the ironing."

"Ironing!" in a tone of deepest irony. "Do you suppose I would insult the Lord by staying away from His house to do an ironing? I haven't even done my washing this week, and I don't mean to while this blessed work is going on, and a soul remains out of the ark of safety. Why, it would seem like working Sunday."

That was the way I felt about it last night, but now my sympathies went out toward Uncle William, who worked hard in his blacksmith shop all day, and came home to a cold dinner; and my little cousins dirty, ragged and neglected, and I said: "Yes; but you know, aunty, the commandment says, Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; and I am not sure that this is not just as binding as that we shall do no work on the Sabbath. I am sure I feel wicked when my work is left undone."

"Why, Helena Stevens! I little thought your

love would grow cold so soon! We are commanded to give up *all* and follow Him, and if we fail to do it our blood be upon our own heads."

And so she went on, exhorting me to turn back from my "backsliding;" but I seemed to have imbibed my father's serenity of religious views.

I told her that I rested upon the commandments which bade me honor my father and mother, and I believed the Lord had showed me my strictest duty in ministering to them. That I hoped to be able to attend the evening meeting, but I should be unable to be present at the afternoon class, as there was a large pile of mending to be done, and if I did not stay at home and do it, my mother would sit up all the evening to finish it.

A gentle, approving hand stroked my hair again, and I knew I was in the right way.

Aunt Nattie went away shaking her head dolefully, and from that hour my influence in the church declined. I was looked upon as heterodox and unsound.

But my own conscience never condemned me, and my father praised me for a "faithful Christian daughter."

Thus, ever since, I have striven to live, looking without and around for my daily duties, and striving to do them well. Not thinking of death, and preparing for it with penance and fasting, lest while I am thus engaged, death may come and I shall have left my work undone.

"How do you feel to-night, sister? Have you the inward assurance of the blessing? Is your soul happy?" says Aunt Natty.

"Let me think," I reply. "If there is anything I have left undone that I ought to have done; or if I have done those things I ought not to have done, I can scarcely be happy, because I am condemned. But the fact is, Aunt Natty, that I am so busy, that I really do not have time to find out whether I am 'happy and enjoying the blessing,' or not; and if I take time to think of it I shall certainly leave something undone that I ought to have done."

## BILL.\*

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

ARISTOCRATIC noses were turned up in disgust. The broad piazza of the hotel in the village of B— had perhaps never before held such a weight of annoyed humanity. The proprietor had just informed his guests that the members of a circus company who were to perform in the neighborhood had telegraphed their intention of "putting up at our tavern." Within five minutes after the receipt of this intelligence almost every guest had received a personal insult. This, of course, was not to be wondered at; indeed, it was a perfectly natural result, and one which our host should have been prepared for. The only surprise I felt was that in this goodly company there were to be found a few individuals whose noses remained level, and who, notwithstanding their "distinguished descent," did not appear to be in the least disturbed by the unusual

\* *Herald of Health.*

news. We are sometimes compelled to look this fact squarely in the face. The accident of aristocratic birth does not always insure against plebeian proclivities. The minority in this case, I observed, kept very quiet. A wise course for minorities on all occasions.

One little woman, who had charmed us all, even the folks with the sensitive olfactories, came dancing up to me after the party had dispersed, evidently imagining that she had found a congenial spirit.

"I am so glad," she said; "won't it be jolly?"

"Hush!" I answered, warningly. "Don't talk so loud."

"Oh! they are all gone," she went on, her pleasant eyes sparkling; "and I do believe I should just like to shock 'em."

I kept to myself the fact that she had already done so. Twice to my knowledge she had threatened Mrs. Grundy with vertigo. Once she had been seen tying up a finger of the head waiter. The poor fellow had given himself a bad cut, and naturally enough, perhaps, for one who didn't know any better, had rushed to the person whose sympathy and assistance he was the surest of. On another occasion she had bounded into the dining-room fresh from a ramble in the woods, her hands full of wild flowers for her table. After arranging them nicely in a vase she actually selected some of the freshest of the blossoms, and making a tasteful buttonhole bouquet, fastened it to the lapel of our waiter's coat.

"There, Frank," she said, "this is what I call a proper regard for the fitness of things. Give me some soup quick, please! I am famished."

It was a little singular, perhaps, but that colored man wore those flowers till they withered and wasted, carefully putting them in water every night.

But I must hurry on to "Bill." The circus company arrived, and of course there was a great bustle. Most of the guests kept their own rooms. I thought it would be pleasant to get a glimpse of the horses and hear the music, so I did not vacate my rocking-chair on the piazza, as perhaps under the circumstances it was eminently proper I should do. My only lady companion was the sweet and incorrigible little Mrs. Van Arness, the lady above mentioned. Trunks, portmanteaus and baggage of all description found its way to the rooms set apart for our new guests. Then followed the human freight; by the way, not half so frightful or so coarse as our super-sensitiveness had imagined. A man and a woman looking very much like other folks, walked into the house, the woman with a young baby in her arms, the man leading a little boy apparently about three years of age. The child's gait and manner gave evidence of training for the ring, even at that early age. Five minutes after I looked up from my book to see Mrs. Van Arness a short distance away from me, talking very busily with this same little fellow. His parents were busy in their own room, and had probably not noticed the child's absence.

"Come out here," said she at last, actually taking her companion by the hand and leading him

toward me, "and see this lady. She likes little boys. I have heard her say so."

"Oh, everybody likes little boys," he answered, naively; "everybody likes me;" and then, after a moment, added: "but Bill likes me better than anybody."

"Who is Bill?" I asked.

"What does Bill do?" inquired my friend, with keener intuition.

The little one stopped a moment, and then, as if possessed by an original idea, bounded off to the iron chains which fenced the grounds in front of the hotel. Once here, he stopped to assure himself if we were looking, and then said: "This is what Bill does."

In an instant he had turned two or three somersaults around the chain, and landed gracefully on his feet in the middle of the grass-plot.

"That's no place to do it," he added, scornfully, as he returned to our side. "Bill makes all the peoples clap their hands and holler, 'Hi, hi!' Oh! you ought to see Bill."

Just then a gray-coated, keen-faced and good-natured looking young man came quickly up the path. In an instant the boy was off, saying joyfully: "Oh, there's Bill!" and in less time than it takes me to write it, Bill had him tight in his arms.

"Did you see that rough fellow kiss that child?" said Mrs. Van Arness, as the couple disappeared.

Just then the most pompous of our boarders sauntered out, segar between fingers, and with a shrug of his fat shoulders remarked: "I wonder at you ladies. I have insisted upon my wife's keeping her room."

"Well!" said my companion, striking an attitude, and for the first time since my acquaintance with her evidently losing her temper, "that means that you think your wife would be contaminated by contact with these circus people!"

"You are correct, as usual, Mrs. Van Arness," he answered, with impressiveness.

"Well, I like circus riders," she replied, with a mischievous crease in the corners of her pretty mouth; "that is, if they have got hearts. I saw an Irishman, sir, a day laborer, the other day, digging in the streets, and I declare to you that I wanted to shake hands with him. A little girl almost fell into the hole he was making, and when he not only prevented her, but took her in his arms and hugged and kissed her, I thought to myself that the sweet nobility of that red-shirted son of Erin would put to shame many a so-called aristocrat in our so-called best society."

"Well, I declare!" said the gentleman, as my lady walked off. "Would you believe that a woman of her culture could have such low tastes?"

I believe I smiled and made no answer. What use to fight these prejudices? About as much as to try and destroy a stone wall with a blow from one's head. Not long after this I came across Mrs. Van Arness in earnest conversation with Bill. I confess that this slightly annoyed me; but my annoyance was of short duration, for she turned to me and said: "I just met that little boy I was talking to awhile ago in the hall, and if I hadn't dashed some water in his face I really be-

lieve he would have choked to death; and I was asking his friend some questions about him."

"And I was telling her," said Bill, respectfully, his hat in his hand, "that last night he had the croup, and he don't seem to have got over it; but he's as bright as a dollar now. The croup is generally pretty hard, I've heard, on a child of his build. He'll get through his performance the first of the evening, and his mother will send him right down to the hotel; and I shall be through in an hour or so after that. She has to ride the last one."

"And what becomes of the baby?"

"That goes to the show," he answered, with a smile. "It's a mighty good baby, and we take turns taking care of it. If you have anything, ma'am, that's good for croup, I wish you'd let me know. If anything should happen to little Jo—well—if anything *should* happen."

For a moment he twirled his hat nervously, and then with an abrupt bow turned on his heel and walked hastily away.

"Oh, it was frightful!" said my companion. "Poor little child! I don't believe you ever heard anything half so sweet as what he said to me when I wiped the water from his face, after the spasm had passed."

"You was scared, wasn't you, lady? Mind now, don't tell Bill nor my mamma. My mamma will cry, and Bill will look this way!" and then he drew down his face in comic imitation of his faithful friend. I lost a little boy with croup once," she continued softly. "It must be agonizing for a mother to be obliged to live a life of this kind, with no time for domestic comforts, no time to nurse her sick or pet her little ones."

It was strange that this woman, bred in luxury, accustomed to the choicest society, should have not a word of blame to utter against the profession which her sister woman had chosen. She was sorry for her, she wanted to help her. She would have assisted her with her means and her sympathy, have nursed her and hers with her own tender hands, but reproach her never, by thought, word or deed. I realized then, as never before, the tremendous power for good that such purity and unselfishness must exert. But, God help us, the majority of those who labor for others, seek first, in their mistaken zeal and pride, to tear down trades and institutions, never thinking of the poor souls who perish in the ruins.

I heard no more from Mrs. Van Arness until about nine o'clock that evening. Then a messenger informed me that the lady desired my presence immediately in her room. I found her with little Jo in her arms, looking very pale and anxious. The boy had been brought home a short time before, and Bill, on arriving a few moments after, had found him in another spasm of strangulation, and sent for my friend. He was now easier, and looked up into my face with a smile.

"Much as Jo could do to stand on Bill's hand to-night," he said, glancing at the poor fellow, who looked the picture of despair.

"But didn't they holler hi! hi! Bill? didn't they clap their hands and holler hi! hi?"

"Next time we'll make 'em holler louder than that," said Bill, with difficulty; "we'll just tickle 'em to death, Jo!" and, as the child closed his eyes wearily, continued with great pathos, "Won't we, little Jo? say, won't we, Jo?"

"Guess so!" said the child, and then followed another frightful spasm. The doctor came, and did all that human skill suggested. The mother was sent for in great haste, and all the time Bill walked backward and forward, up and down, with the little sufferer, who begged to be kept in motion. At last, after one of these fearful paroxysms, the child opened his eyes and looked around at all of us. The angel of death, or, rather, of quick life, was hovering near. That was plain to all but Bill.

"Where's my mamma?" the child asked, in piteous tones, and then raising himself in his nurse's arms as if perfectly conscious that his time was short, said: "Kiss Jo, quick, Bill! Kiss Jo, quick!"

The tiny arms were clasped round the rough neck, and when Bill, a moment after, held him off and looked into his face to account for the sudden stillness, a pair of lifeless blue eyes stared up at him. The child was gone. The mother, in her short skirts, tinsel and paint, fresh from the ring, came in a moment after, and fell in a dead faint upon the floor. Neither mourn nor tear escaped poor Bill. Once, as Mrs. Van Arness endeavored to comfort him, he remarked in a far-off way: "I thought there was a God. Jo was all I had."

Well, it was all over, and the wretched mourners went away with their precious burden. I was surprised when Bill bade Mrs. Van Arness goodbye, to hear him say: "I hope I shall see you again some time, ma'am. I begin to understand it now, and I am sure that little Jo is in God's hands. That's a good deal to be sure of, ma'am, and some time I shall be reconciled—but if it hadn't been for you—"

The man turned away too full to utter another word. I don't think anybody else saw it, but when the weeping mother pressed Mrs. Van Arness's hand to her lips the dear woman drew her sister close to her heart and kissed her cheek with all tenderness and affection; an affection born of purest charity. "For the greatest of all is charity."

A few days after this I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Van Arness. Imagine my surprise on discovering that my friend was a minister's wife.

Our pompous guest said to him soon after his arrival: "Your wife has worn herself quite out waiting on some people here. Nothing any of us could say or do seemed to have the least effect; and with this class of people, sir, you, of course, know how impossible it is to do any good!"

The pale face of the minister flushed a little as he answered: "My wife, Heaven bless her! works with her heart! and, my dear sir, although mine has not been an unsuccessful ministry, yet I assure you she has accomplished more with her heart and her hands than I ever have or ever shall accomplish by the pulpit." Amen! and amen!

## Home-Life and Character.

### POTTSVILLE PAPERS.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

#### No. 1.

IN all these years in which I have written, I never before took up my pen so listlessly and with such a heavy heart as now. I always seized it gladly, cheerfully and lovingly; but to-day the faithful hand lies in my lap, and there is no warm, cordial clasping of its fingers about the pen. And as I glance upon the white page waiting before me, my eyes are dim with tears, and writing seems a burden and a task for the first time. My thoughts all go out to the dear little invalid whose wasted form lies in the room joining mine—my sister Ida. She suffers little pain, and is hopeful and cheerful; but for long weeks she has been feeble, and our hearts are heavy with sorrow and anxiety.

So I come not in the beginning of this year like the school-boy, with jubilant shout and glad voice, and while my soul is serene and trustful and full of sweet peace, it is filled with sadness.

A gentleman reader growls; and this is what makes him growl—because, in busy harvest-time, when too many farmers' wives and daughters are overtaken, one of such, Pipsey by name, made her brother a pair of cotton socks in the twinkling of an eye. He knows, because of the "make-shift," that she is very inconsistent, and don't know how to keep house, and that she has a very vague idea of how household affairs should be managed anyhow, and the dear apple-of-some-woman's eye cuffs the whole sisterhood of scribblers right smartly. Well, I do declare! He is only one man, however, and perhaps he does not speak whereof he knows.

When driven to an extremity, a poor woman does a smart thing in the way of ingenious managing. Instead of blame, she should have commendation. The genius that could invent a pair of socks inside of two minutes, may one day invent perpetual motion or an ethereal railway, who knows!

For my part, I like the woman who can "make something out of nothing." Perhaps I could not appreciate such a character had I not always been poor, and really obliged by dire extremity to sharpen my wits, and think, and contrive, and make substitutes by close managing. All the sympathy in my heart goes out toward poor people; those who cannot educate their children as they desire; those who toil for their daily bread; those who unselfishly work for others; the patient mother, the true and loving daughter, the invalid, the noble ones who bear crosses, who suffer pain, and disappointment, and poverty, and bear shame and blame; those who sorrow in secret for their heart's idols who have "gone before," and whose loneliness none can measure but the loving Father, who taketh note of every tear and every sigh; all

these, and all who mourn, most lovingly do my hands reach out to them.

I have something new to tell my women friends—something that will make them snap their eyes with a delightful sparkle. Did you ever think, in this glorious age of inventions, that ever the time would come that all manner of cooking could be accomplished with never a smell of onions, cabbage, codfish, boiling beef, mutton or pork in your kitchen? Fact, Just step into Deacon Potts's kitchen and smell for yourselves.

And this was how it came about. Kitchen-smells have been my abomination ever since I was old enough to wring a dishcloth; such headaches as they gave me were almost unendurable. My family denied themselves many a dish that they liked rather than subject me to pain or annoyance.

Last summer a kind lady wrote me, saying: "Why, Pipsey, if you so dislike kitchen-smells, why don't you use the new stove-ware invented, made and sold by the Wear Brothers in Cincinnati, Ohio? I use it altogether, and my cooking-stove, when in full blast, sends out no more odors, or steam, or noise, or bubbling than though the pots and kettles were that many handboxes standing on a table."

I was delighted with the prospect, wrote a letter of cordial thanks to the lady, and forthwith ordered some new ware, giving the size of our stove only. What the inventor calls a set consists of a ham-boiler, a large dinner-pot, a kettle and a spider, and, if one wishes, an enamelled kettle. These all have close-fitting lids, are no heavier than the usual stove-ware, cost but a trifle more, and the value of them to the poor housewife—headachy, nervous and half sick—cannot be estimated in dollars.

I cannot describe them so you interested ones will understand, but I can tell you how they work. There is no steam rising from the boiling kettle whatever; it passes with the odor down the outside, and goes out with the smoke. It must be kept covered, however with the lid.

Oh, life is so much more enjoyable to me just since we got this wonderful ware! I used to dread the smells that would pervade the kitchen in spite of the windows let down and the opposite doors ajar.

To-day I said: "Lily, you must remember father is hard at work, and his appetite never fails him, you know. You must have a hearty dinner in good time for the poor old man."

"Never fear, Pipsey, I'll give what Bret Harte would call a 'good, square meal;' see 'f I don't," was the response.

With a tender thought for Pipsey's sensitive nose, she was careful, and though she cooked onions and cabbage, and fried pork—three smells that are abominable—I never knew it, because there was no hint in the air of the subsequent



proceedings in the kitchen. That delectable stove-ware told no secrets of the work it was doing.

I shall have nothing better in the news line to tell you house-wives all through this whole year than this bit of intelligence. If you want a circular, or further information, or some of the ware, write and see for yourselves. Direct plainly, "Weare Brothers, Cincinnati, O."

I think their goods are sold probably in all our large cities both east and west.

Last week I called at the beautiful home of an intelligent lady living in the country. She was in her kitchen, and I sat down there a few minutes. Everything was in good order, neat, and cosy, and pretty enough for a sitting-room, but a piece of smoked meat was boiling on the stove and the odor was villainous. It filled my lungs, and settled in my clothes, and made me miserable, and I was glad to get out into the fresh air.

On my way home I called in at the dressmaker's. Her girl opened a side door to ask a question and the kitchen smell followed after her, and again it was the odor of boiling pork.

As I chirked to Humbug and gave the lines an extra twitch, on my way home, I leaned back and breathed freely of the pure autumn airs, and then I thought of the blessing of the newly-invented stoveware that cooks the homely dinners in silence and modestly "tells no tale of all the good it does."

So, with much love and in all good will, I take this first opportunity to tell you of the blessing in store for the patient, toiling house-wife.

Speaking of onions, reminds me that perhaps Lily cooks them differently from the way you girls do. The deacon says he thinks her way is admirable because it leaves no onion-y taste in his mouth afterward. She slices and boils them in milk and water—about equal quantities—until they are quite soft, then pours it off and seasons with salt and pepper and adds a little cream and butter. The advantage lies in the boiling and extracting the strong flavor.

Granny Greenstreet is knitting for us. I told her how we had always been troubled with our stockings shrinking, and how I boiled the yarn last fall, and she says boiling the yarn will do but little good unless great care is exercised when the hose are washed. Then she told me how she always did, and she showed me a nice pair of white woollen stockings which she had on that had been in wear four or five winters. This is the way she does, and if Granny Greenstreet isn't good authority, I don't know who is. She makes a suds with hard soap, in which there is no rosin, and with soft water, makes it pretty hot, and in this she squeezes and gently rubs the stockings without putting any soap on them at all. She gets them just as clean as possible in this, and then pours over them a weak suds, boiling hot, and lets them lie in it until it is nearly cold. She says the stockings always come out of this nice and clean. She told me that one time she hired some socks knit for her old man and they were altogether too large and were loosely knit. To make them smaller and the cloth better she

washed them in warm soap suds on the wash-board, rubbing soap on them, and then rinsed them in cold water. That fulfilled them and made very good thick socks out of them. Rinsing in cold water always makes woollen garments shrink and grow less soft and woolly.

I told a factory man the other day how I washed blankets, and then he told me his way. I told you mine last year; his way does not differ much except in one or two points, which I was very glad to learn.

He says put two or three ounces of borax in the first water without soap; that this should be done in all cases in cleansing blankets. Then wash them through a good hot suds, and, if you wish, you may rinse them in clear hot water in which you have put a little blueing. While washing avoid rubbing as much as possible and handle them as little as you can. A wringer is an excellent assistant in washing blankets; you can run them through it out of the hot suds several times. Then when the blankets are out on the line drying it is advisable to stretch them two or three times, a person at each end, and likewise shake them, after the manner of shaking carpet.

Now, for fear a disaffected gentleman reader rears up and says, "Pears like as if the creetur thought none of us knowed nothin'," I will add that I wrote this *modus operandi* for the benefit of the uninitiated young house-wife, say a girl-wife who knows no more about housework and its thousand and one details than I did when I took its burdens and its honors into my own untought hands. And if such a meddlesome old boy, wandering around out of his sphere, does hit me a blow, I know there are fifty young wives who will rush to my rescue and "kiss the place to make it well."

A critic says, "Dear me, I wish she'd tell less about making pies, and tarts, and puddings, and more about how one should keep house, and how to accumulate property, and how things should be kept in order that they may run systematically and without jars."

Well, housekeeping would run smoother and there would be less wear and tear and more time for reading and for intellectual culture if families did not have to eat, that is certain, and I have no doubt but the poor wives and mothers wish devoutly that a new order of things could be established in which they could be spared somewhat. But people will eat; they have been brought up to that custom, and knowing this, it is a pleasure to me to contribute little mites of information on this all-absorbing theme of "what shall we eat, and what shall we wear?"

This reminds me of an item. Lily does the work now while Ida is sick, and she came to me yesterday and said, "You must tell me about cooking, for you know I never did some things at all. Now, in cooking chicken or beef, what rule is there for it so I will know when it is done, and how long to boil it."

I tell her the age of a fowl determines how long it must boil, but beef or pork, counting from the time it begins to boil, she must allow twenty minutes to the pound, but if old or tough or very

fresh killed, it will take longer. In boiling meat, take off the scum when it rises, then add a little cold water to make the rest of the scum rise. It should all be taken off as soon as possible lest you take off the fat that boils out and comes to the surface. If you want to extract the juices of the meat or fowl, put it on in cold water; if you would make it retain, pour boiling water on when first

put on to cook. In making broth for the sick, always put on cold water; if you wish to make beef tea, and want all the nutritive qualities of the beef, cut good lean steak in little bits, put it in a bottle, and stand it in a kettle of water to cook slowly. In this case no nutriment is wasted, and you obtain the juices in a condensed form.

## Mothers' Department.

### BED-TIME.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"CHARLIE, it is bed-time."

The child cheerfully left his play, danced along to his mother's side, took her hand, and went up-stairs, humming a merry tune. She undressed him, and tucked him into bed, warm and cosy. Then, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she sat down by his side, as she usually did, for a little talk. She often told him a story or sang to him, when he had been good all day; but this evening she said: "Charlie, do you remember how naughty you were this morning?"

The child's face changed instantly; all the sunshine driven away, and the tearful eyes and quivering lip showing the pain the words caused—pain keener and deeper than she knew. The mother meant well, and thought she was doing God service in rightly training her child, as she talked with him, or rather to him, *for the second time*, about his disobedience and wilfulness in the morning.

But the little heart ached; sleep was slow in coming that night; and when the mother again came to her room to seek her own rest, she saw tears on the little face, and now and then a sob reached her ear, as if the trouble were still in his dreams.

This is all wrong. It does *no good*; and not only causes useless pain, but tends to weaken the mother's influence. Whatever reproof or even punishment a child may need, it should come at the time the fault occurs, or soon afterwards, and *never be repeated*. There is no justice in twice punishing for one offence. A little delay is sometimes wise always when there is the least irritated feeling on the mother's part; always when there is any doubt, either of circumstances or the child's real intention. But, beyond this, delay is petty cruelty; and when a child is punished in any way, however mild, the matter should be considered settled, and laid aside. No good comes of needlessly hurting or irritating children.

And of all times, the bed-time hour should be held sacred for love and love only. Let the little ones go to sleep *happy*. It is for their good, spiritually, mentally and physically. Let not a word or look mar their happy trust in a mother's perfect love and tenderness. Let them not learn to think of her as an unforgiving mentor, holding their faults and thoughtless ways in bitter remembrance, and marshalling these against them to

trouble the night-hours. Let them rather learn from the way mother forgives, the way God, the everlasting Father, forgives—gladly, freely, fully, and for all time. What does He mean when He says, not only "I will forgive," but "Their sins will I remember no more?" This is our pattern, even as regards our neighbors and associates, our servants, and those bound to us only by the tie of human brotherhood. Much more toward our little children, given us in a holy trust, born in innocence, but with the hereditary tendencies that *we ourselves* have handed down to them, and not responsible or sinful, by any means, in the degree that adults are.

Almost all children's faults are the result of thoughtlessness; very seldom has deliberate evil intention anything to do with them. True, these faults, whatever they are, must be overcome and put away; but let us do this with fairness, tenderness and forbearance, and remember that it is the words spoken *in season* that are like "apples of gold in baskets of silver."

It is easy to make the bed-time hour one of the most hallowed memories of childhood. A little story, that shall teach, in the most pleasant, unconscious way, some truth of right living—of obedience, fidelity, loving-kindness, mercy, and trust in God; a song, a good-night kiss, a Bible verse, and the evening prayer, "Our Father," or, for the baby tones, "Now I lay me;" these are seeds planted in a tender soil, that, if the daily home-life be in harmony, shall surely fructify and grow.

The memory of these hours will be in after-life a talisman, strengthening in the man's soul the principles of right-living, and a trust in the All-Father's care, comforting him in times of trial, and nerving him to resist temptation. The remembrance of a happy home oftentimes comes to confirm a wavering faith in God's goodness, and the power of good over evil in human hearts and lives. The prayer at the mother's knee, her good-night kiss, have led back many a wandering soul long after she has slept.

"Beneath the low, green tent  
Whose curtain never outward swings."

And kept thousands more from ever wandering away from the green pastures and still waters of a pure and well-ordered life.

PASSIONS are a great deal older than our reason; they come into the world with us, but our reason follows a long time after.

## THE DRESS OF THE SOUL.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

WHAT infinite pains the generality of mothers take to learn all the latest devices for fashioning their children's gowns and jackets, and yet how little effort to fashion their hearts and mould their characters into the right shape. Yet here they have the advantage of unchanging fashions. Moral excellence is the same in all ages and under all skies. How to secure it should be a mother's highest study. A pattern-book for the heart is a thousand fold more valuable than one for the garments. Aside from the Great Book God has sent down, there are numberless helps of which the wise mother will gladly avail herself in training the young immortals in her charge.

To succeed she must give the matter serious thought. She must sit down and study over her child's traits more intently than she ever did over a fashion-book. She must labor to correct evil tempers and tendencies more patiently than she ever did to elaborate the most intricate trimming of its robes.

The hints and suggestions of those who have gone over the road before her are invaluable in this work. The mother needs them to cheer and encourage her on amid the hourly perplexities that arise in her "woman's kingdom." Good, sound reading, such as our standard home journals give us, should be always within reach of her hand. With regard to our magazine, I often think of what a laboring man's wife said to me about it when renewing her subscription, "I am too poor to do without it." She felt that the hints and directions and the valuable information had a real money value for her. Better than gold is the worth of what earnest hearts have penned for our instruction in making home-life what it ought to be.

Dress the little ones neatly and beautifully if you can, but never forget the dress of the soul. And remember, mother, that it is largely given to your hand to fashion it for eternity.

## THE BETTER WAY.

BY H. W. D.

SITTING in my parlor the other day with a lady caller, we were interrupted by Master Ned, who came in like a small whirlwind. Dirty apron, muddy little boots, grimy little hands, and forgetting to remove his battered hat, with only a glance at my lady friend, he shouted: "Mamma, mayn't I go eat supper with Harry?"

"No, Neddy, you cannot," I said, decidedly.

He "puckered up" (as the children say,) and coming close to me whined: "Do let me, mamma, you said I might one day this week, and Harry wants me."

"No, you cannot, so be a good boy and run and play again," I replied, rather sternly, too.

Neddy began to stamp his feet, and my cheeks began to burn. I longed to give the little rebel a shake and take him from the room, but I feared a

scene, for I knew, of old, Master Ned's capability in that line. The HOME lay on the table beside me, and I then just remembered the advice given in the last number: "If a child is in mischief, don't say, 'You mustn't do that,' but find something he can do." Instantly I thought I'll try that way.

"Neddy, my boy, Miss H. and I were just going to look at the pictures in the album. Now, if you will go and get clean hands, you may stand beside Miss H. and tell her about the pictures, whose they are."

I believe all children have a peculiar delight in handling a photograph album. Neddy brightened instantly, and I led him from the room, to return in a few minutes clean and smiling.

While we were out, I told him I wanted him to help me entertain my caller and to answer pleasantly all the questions she should ask him; to take his little chair beside her, but not to talk when Miss H. and mamma were talking.

"Will that be helping you, mamma?" he asked, pleased with the importance of being useful.

"Oh, yes, very much," I told him.

"How nicely you managed that," said my friend, and then I told her where I got the idea from, the HOME MAGAZINE. Neddy had gone to bring a book I wished to show my friend. "Even if he had gone out without crying when you refused his request, he would have been unhappy for a time. Now he feels very happy and important."

After my friend left, Neddy sat down beside my chair to hear me read from the "Treasury," and we both were much happier than if we had had a "scene."

## THE FAMILY.

THE family is the educator of the race. Here men and women are made. What they are in the world, that they were in the family as children. The family is the place where the first lessons of law are received, and where the whole character in view of law has a direction given it. The citizen is made in the family long before the time for voting or activity has come. When Napoleon said, in answer to Madame de Stael's question about France's greatest need, "Mothers," he asserted the all-potent influence of a true family life. The family is the great means for the development of character. What a world does it present for the affections to abide in! Where on all the earth besides are sympathies so warm, love so pure and fervent as here? All that gives value or beauty to human character finds in the family at once an atmosphere in which to expand and develop the elements which shall bring it to the highest perfection. The family creates a perpetual power which holds and moves evermore each individual of the circle. The parental love, evoked every hour in providing, watching, guiding, throws back its influence over the heart and life of father and mother, and makes them what they never could be without it; it is a power which tends all the time to lift them to a higher and better place.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### SONGO RIVER.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

NOWHERE such a devious stream  
Save in fancy or in dream,  
Winding slow through bush and brake  
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,  
Ever doubling on itself  
Flows the stream, so still and slow  
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,  
Lost in woodland or on wold,  
Such a winding path pursued  
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never schoolboy in his quest  
After hazel-nut or rest,  
Through the forest in and out  
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide  
Tangled thickets on each side  
Hang inverted, and between  
Floating cloud and sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing  
Seems the only living thing,  
Or the loon that laughs and flies  
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream! thy Indian name  
Unfamiliar is to fame;  
For thou hidest here alone  
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach  
Wisdom deep as human speech,  
Moving without haste or noise  
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,  
And art ever calm and still,  
Even thy silence seems to say  
To the traveller on his way:—

“Traveller, hurrying from the heat  
Of the city, stay thy feet!  
Rest awhile nor longer waste  
Life with inconsiderate haste!

“Be not like the stream that brawls  
Loud with shallow waterfalls,  
But in quiet self-control  
Link together soul and soul.”

*Masque of Pandora and other Poems.*

### MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY ALICE CAREY.

WITHIN her rustic woodland bower,  
Like some warm-hearted, tender flower,  
With young buds all around her;  
She kept in her gracious and glad content,  
And never a dream nor fancy went,  
From the tendrilled twigs that bound her.

The house was full of the pleasant noise  
Of gay, glad girls and sturdy boys,  
Each with a heart like a blossom.  
They were seven in all—five ranged between  
The head that was touching sweet sixteen,  
And the babe on the mother's bosom.

In hopeful toil the day went by,  
And when the tired sun built in the sky  
His great red, cloudy bower,  
She gathered her buds about her knee—  
The sturdy three and the gentle three—  
This motherly woodland flower.

And when the glory died in the west,  
And the birds were all in the sleepy nest,  
She would sit in the twilight shadow,  
And think how her babe should grow so fine,  
And make her place in the world to shine  
As the lily maketh the meadow.

Years came and went, and the pleasant noise  
Was hushed in the house, and the girls and boys  
Came now no more about her,  
As the bird went home to the drowsy nest,  
And the sun to his cloudy bower in the west;  
They had learned to do without her.

The little children that used to be—  
The comely three and the sturdy three,  
Young men and beautiful maidens—  
And each had chosen out of the heart,  
And gone to be in a bower apart,  
And to dress them separate Edens.

And the mother's thoughts went wearily  
Across the prairie and over the sea,  
And through the wintry weather,  
About the streets, o'er the desert sand,  
To take them once again by the hand,  
And to gather them all together.

But always, as the sun went down,  
And the gold and scarlet fell to brown,  
And the brown to deeper shadow,  
Her babe made all the house as bright  
As the lily, with her leaves of light,  
Maketh her place in the meadow.

She could not grow from the loving arms,  
Nor go to meet the wide world's charms,  
Away from the lowly portal;  
For Death in the 'brodered slip and cap,  
Had left her to lie in the mother's lap,  
In her babyhood immortal.

### TO THE SWEETBRIER.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

OUR sweet, autumnal, western-scented wind  
Robs of its odors none so sweet a flower,  
(In all the blooming waste it left behind)  
As that the sweetbrier yields it. And the shower  
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower  
One half so lovely,—yet it grows along  
The poor girl's pathway—by the poor man's  
door.

Such are the simple folks it dwells among,  
And humble as the bud, thus humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand  
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate,—  
Its sweetness all is of my native land,  
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate  
Among the perfumes which the rich and great  
Buy from the odors of the spicy east.  
You love your flowers and plants, and will you  
hate  
This little four-leaved rose that I love best,  
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest.



## The Home Circle.

### RAINY DAYS IN THE ROOKERY.

BY MARY CLARKE HAMMOND.

No. 1.

MY husband must be sentimental. How he would blush and run his fingers through his hair and his beard if I said this to him plainly as I have written it here. He thinks he is the plainest, prostest, dullest husband and father in all Glenberne.

When we built this house, a large story and half cottage, he fixed up the whole upper part for the boys—three bed-rooms, and the balance, with the long, low roof and two windows, a charming, cosey, attic-ky apartment, he named the Rookery.

Why our boys were made rich from that time hence, and that was five years ago, when Tom, the eldest, was only ten years of age, and now he is past fifteen.

We have five boys and one girl, the baby, six months old. Their names are Tom, Lucius, Harry, Fred and Johnny, the little one not yet out of his petticoats. Mary is the baby's name.

I have often thought that one family is but a transcript of all other families, and often, when I have been sitting reading the HOME, I have wished I could peep into the homes that the magazine visits every month, and know more of their trials, and troubles, and joys, and ways of managing—know more about the dear little boys that stand beside the chairs of mother and sister and listen to what they read aloud; and I hope Pipesey, and Lichen, and Chatty won't frown and feel touched when I remind them of their remissness. They write good things for women and girls, for those who are poor and sorrowing and walking in adversity, but my dear little boys often sit down and say: "I wish they'd write good stories for little boys, too."

"They don't believe in boys, do they, ma?" said my little Harry, with a sigh, the evening I read aloud from the October number.

"They just believe in girls, an' old women, an' pies, an' such things," reiterated Lucius, as he took up tenderly in his little nut-stained palm the soft, pink foot of baby Mary, and held it first to one cheek then the other.

I laid down the magazine, and with one arm drew the whining little story-loving Harry close up beside me, and cuddled his head down on my bosom, and told him that not one of those women was the blessed mother of a dear, eager little boy like mine; that they didn't know, perhaps, that boys liked to read stories.

"Spect none of 'em ever saw a Rookery like ours, did they, ma?" said he; and then we both laughed; and that minute I resolved to tell about my boys and their Rookery, and their ups and downs, and trials and good times; in short, the home-life of one family, hoping to fill up the one want unnoticed by these earnest women.

So, when my husband finished a dear little box of a room adjoining my bed-room, and called it the Nest, I said: "Father, I'd rather our boys had a room than myself. The whole house will be a dear home-nest to me; but the boys will—"

"Will have a delightful, roomy, out-of-the-way chamber that I shall call the Rookery," said he, interrupting me. "You will know by the name just what it will signify. It is to be theirs in the fullest sense of the word, too," he added; "but we will spend all the odd spoils we can in there with them. That will be an incentive to tempt them to keep it in order. But the Nest will belong to you and baby Mary. You can keep her crib in there, and your sewing-machine, and work-basket, and a shelf of choice books."

"How thankful I am that my husband is kind and

thoughtful, and, best of all, a carpenter by trade," said I, laughing.

Five boys! Now you mothers with one, or two, or three, will wonder how we get along; but I mean to tell you; I will not keep anything back; and you will find out that my dear little flock is not without blemish. One could hardly expect to find a family even half perfect.

If there is a fault that I do most heartily detest in the human character, it is that of falsifying, and yet, with all my most earnest endeavors and most watchful efforts, my dear little Lucius will tell lies. I would not tell this, only I know that every true mother will sympathize with me. And Harry has faults, too, and Johnny is very human, and Tom and Fred need all a mother's watchful care and nicest management.

Dear me, what funny things children do say sometimes! When I was getting supper this evening, I sent Fred out to the stable to bring me a fresh egg. Fred is my little seven-years-old. The nest was in a nail-keg, and I knew he could reach it easily enough; and he always feels so big when I trust him to do little errands for me. Pretty soon he came in with a flushed face, and bits of straw sticking in his hair, panting, with the egg in one hand, while in the other he held a tiny egg no larger than a partridge's.

"O mother," he said, "do see what a splendid egg I did find! Now won't you please boil it for my supper, for I don't believe I've had a good hearty meal of boiled eggs for eight years!"

"Freddie dear!" I said. "Eight years! Do you know what the word exaggerate means? Think, my son."

He winced somewhat, and tried to make me forget what I had said by adding: "That tiny, little, teenty-taunty of an egg lay cuddled down with the two big ones, just like a little baby sleeping with its pa and ma."

"My child," I said, "don't become so excited. I'll boil the egg; but in the meantime do you go and ask Tom to show you the word exaggerate in the dictionary, and after you have read it all over twice, so that you will know what it means, have him show you the word teenty-taunty. Go, my son," and I pushed him along gently toward his brother.

In a few minutes he came back, caught my dress shilly, and looking up into my face he laughed in a shamed way, saying: "Why Tom says to exaggerate is almost to tell a lie; and nowhere in all that big book can we find the word teenty-taunty. Indeed, mother, I've heard the school teacher, Miss Prentice, say it many and many a time; and you know she's the teacher, and gets a certificate, too—now!"

And there I had to tell my child his teacher's fault; but I did it as gently, and kindly, and considerately as possible. I told him that many of our good teachers had fallen into the habit of using exaggerated expressions; that they said heavenly, and glorious, and superb, and splendid, and elegant, and charming, when the one word, good, would have been the correct expression, and would have covered all the ground.

I said: "I don't want my little son to be precise and prim, and to express himself like a wise old sage, but I do want him to learn to say the right words, no matter how simple they are. I like boys and girls to be natural."

I drew the listening child upon my knee and said: "Now I'm going to be the critic—the loving, kind, mamma-critic. You listen and hear what the critic says about her dear little boy who runs and does errands for his ma so cheerfully. You said, 'I've not had a good meal of boiled eggs for eight years.' How old are you, Freddie?"

"Seven," piped out a fine little voice hidden in my bosom.

"You also called that tiny egg, which wouldn't make a mouthful for a baby, 'splendid.' It was simply tiny, nothing more. We say a splendid sunset, a splendid victory, a splendid palace, but never apply the word to the insignificant little egg of a pullet. As to twenty-taenty, you have learned that there is no such a word in good usage. I know that all of us are likely to make use of exaggerated expressions when we are excited, but we should guard against it. I do believe the reason people like the preaching of some great men, is just because they use such plain, simple language, the kind that even little boys like you can comprehend."

And there we sat and talked, and his little, white head lay against my bosom confidingly. Just then my husband came in from his work, and I rose to put the supper on the table.

"The dictionary is an awful good book in a family of boys and girls, isn't it, mamma?" said Fred, that night as he closed its heavy lids and drew his chair up to the fire.

"I hope not, child," I said, endeavoring to keep back a smile.

"Hope not! why, I thought you said the other day you couldn't keep house without it," said Fred, with a wide, blank stare of surprise.

"You called it an awful good book," said I, "and I am sure I would be afraid to have any awful thing in our dear, peaceful home. I like good things—those that give pleasure and yield profit. The thunder of Niagara is awful, and the grandeur of some of our mountains is awful, the destructive tornado is likewise awful, but a Webster's Unabridged is excellent, useful, and I think very necessary; but, Fred, I couldn't call the dear book awful, not if it even grew full of life and jumped at me and cuffed me with its broad, substantial covers."

At this we all laughed, and Fred ran and wound his muscular little arms about my neck and said he was glad I was not his school-ma'am; that if I was he did not believe he'd like me half so well.

At the hour of bed-time I took the light and went up to the sleeping chambers that opened from the Rookery; heard the evening prayers of my dear little ones; saw that they were snugly in bed, and with a glad heart full of peace, came down to my own little sleeping chamber, proud of my boys, rich in the possession of my winsome little baby-girl, and thankful for all the comforts of home, sweet home.

### BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

"WHAT a gift beauty is," sighed Charlotte, as she turned from the glass. "I don't wonder every one covets it. What a favorite Laura is in any circle, with that brilliant face of hers. But it is no use to sigh for the unattainable; I must be content with my quiet work, with my books for associates. Such a plain face is not wanted in society."

"It is not so much Laura's beauty that makes her a favorite," said Aunt Grace. "She has another talent which far surpasses it and would make her attractive if she was ever so plain looking. It is quite within reach of other girls, too."

"Please tell me, auntie, what the attraction is and how I may secure it. I like society, and would like as well as anybody to make myself acceptable in it."

"It is Laura's bright, pleasant conversation that lights up her fine features and wins so many hearts. There are other girls as pretty, who are little more than milliners' 'lay figures' in society. They show off dress handsomely, but their heads seem as dull as waxen dolls. Pleasant words are always attractive, and any one may learn to speak them. But to have their highest effect they must come from the heart. Heart-culture is the place to begin. Then pay good

attention to the manner of speaking. 'A low, sweet voice,' is often quoted as that excellent thing in a woman, and we know how we are repulsed by the opposite. Not so low, however, as to be indistinct, as that is always disagreeable. Always use the best language. Let it be simple and direct. You always see this peculiarity in truly superior people. They seem in earnest with what they have to say. A certain sprightliness of manner is very pleasing in a companion, but an affected vivacity only provokes ridicule.

"Don't fancy it is necessary to talk all the time to be a good converser. To be a good listener is quite as essential. People give you credit for a great deal of discernment and intelligence when you listen attentively to their opinions.

"Store you mind well, and keep abreast with the general news of the day, and you may have something better to talk about than the little gossip of the neighborhood. Read the best current literature, and you will have a fund of interesting matter on which to converse with those who have read the same. A half an hour was enough for Madame de Stael to talk away the impression of her very plain face. Without the charm of beauty she was the most brilliant and celebrated woman of her time in all France.

"Cultivate the gifts you have, Lottie, and never fear but you will make yourself acceptable in society. Neat, tasteful dressing adds much to the general effect, just as a pretty setting does to a picture."

J. E. McCONAUGHY.

### A GOOD WEEK'S WORK.

"THERE! I've done one good week's work, if I never do another," exclaimed a pale-faced, tired-looking lady, as she arose from the sewing-machine and drew a long sigh of relief, holding up for her own gratified inspection a dress skirt, ruffled, and puffed, and shirred with great neatness and taste. It was indeed a beauty to look upon, if there were no after-consideration, no thought beyond—no thought of the worry and anxiety that each one of these extra adornings had cost. If the beautiful ruffled skirt had not also been the cause of a ruffled temper, not so beautiful.

From early Monday morning until eleven o'clock Saturday night, Mrs. Harris had been cutting, and basting, and stitching, only allowing herself a hurried cup of coffee for breakfast, a cold bite for dinner and a cup of tea, hastily swallowed, for supper, barely taking the time for all three of her meals that physiology asserts is rightfully due one; and all for one new alpaca suit. Her husband and children fretted about the house, especially at meal time, wishing, in no very amiable tones, that "Ma wouldn't be everlastingly sewing, but would cook something fit to eat once more." But she deafened her ears to all their talk and with all her energy devoted body, mind and strength to the task she had allotted herself, for that week. And now, poor woman! she had accomplished it, but at what a sacrifice! Her eyes were heavy, her head ached and her temples throbbed, and as she shook out the folds of the glossy alpaca, she declared she felt as if she never could sew another stitch, and I'm sure no one looking her in the face, with her sunken eyes and dishevelled locks, straggling down over a collarless morning wrapper, could have had the heart to dispute or disbelieve her.

When Mrs. Grey had called on Monday morning and tried to enlist her sympathies in behalf of a destitute family over on the other street, she had steelled her heart against it all, saying she had always heard charity began at home, and she had all she could do, without looking after other people or their children.

"Let her go," she muttered, as she watched her visitor turn down Halley Street, where the poor family lived. "She may do her week's work, and I'll do mine.

I'll warrant Bessie Grey will dare to wear her old dress to church next Sunday, to pay for her mother's charity to others; for my part I'm determined to finish Adelaide's suit this week, come what will, and if she can come out in it ahead of Bessie Grey, I shall be satisfied; though I presume Bessie and her mother wouldn't care a straw, they're so plain and old-fashioned!" So the week passed.

Mrs. Grey and her daughter employed all the spare time they had each day in cutting out and making clothes for the poor little fatherless Colby children, that they might go to Sabbath-school the next Sabbath; but their work was a labor of love, and they wearied not. Mrs. Harris's work was also a labor of love, but not that love which is written in the Holy Book. The love of dress—love of the world—love of emulation—these were her stimulants, dangerous and exciting, while sweet Bessie Grey and her mother toiled with that love that worketh no ill to its neighbor, and that charity which is the crowning glory of all love. Saturday night found the week's work completed—Mrs. Harris's week's work, and Mrs. Grey's week's work. Oh, angel, dear angel, recording on high, what did you—what could you write over against the name of poor deluded Mrs. Harris? And, oh, if she were all—were she the only one who is making herself a martyr for the sake of pride and the love of display!

Mrs. Harris was unable to rise upon Sabbath morning, although she made a vain attempt to do so. She did want to show off that new dress on Adelaide. But the day in itself proved no day for showing off, as it rained steadily and persistently, when the last bell rang at half-past ten, so Adelaide laid in bed and read a love story in a dime novel, with her hair in curl papers and her tattered delaine wrapper on.

"Oh, oh, was it for this that I slaved myself almost to death all the week," groaned Mrs. Harris, clasping her throbbing head and trying to find on her pillow the rest that refused to come at her bidding.

Mrs. Grey and Bessie took the Colbys to church with them, all neatly clothed, and the thought of any self-sacrifice on their part was very far from their hearts, as they listened to the comforting words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

### BE LOVABLE AS WELL AS LOVING.

**W**IVES should not forget that they ought at all times to appear lovable, as well as to love, or be loving. Some seem to think that once in love, always in love, and that when once married, no more pains to please are necessary.

But how vastly mistaken they are. One can prove false in thought as well as false in deed, and many a husband has ceased to love and cherish in his heart (sure forerunner of what will come to pass, sooner or later, in actions,) the woman he married, because she has become such a different being in appearance from the one he courted.

Admit the wonderful difference in her surrounding circumstances, now and then; yet I do not believe any woman is such a drudge as not to be able, sometime in the twenty-four hours, to appear as a lady. It takes time, that it does, but it brings in rich returns—approving words and gentle caresses, which are so dear to a wife's heart, as dear, if not more so, than in the golden days of courtship. This carelessness, as to the every-day appearance, is one of the reasons why men are often less demonstrative as husbands than as lovers. There is not enough of that indescribable sweetness and beauty about their wives that seem to belong to women, as a sex.

Remember this, fair girls, about to become wives; and you who are already such, and have fallen into this evil way, reform at once.

L. L.

### LENDING OUR BOOKS.

**I**N one of my pedestrian excursions last spring, searching for trailing arbutus and wood moss, a sudden shower detained me in a little habitation near the edge of the wood, wherein a young wife was attempting, for the first time, to make a shirt. She said she had been married but a few months, and nearly all her previous life had been spent in a factory, so she had but little experience in sewing, but now that her time was her own, she was desirous of becoming a competent needle-woman, and if it were not for the cutting out and fitting, she could get along nicely.

So she was patiently ripping up an old shirt, stitch by stitch, to cut the new one out by, although, as she averred, it did not fit very well, but it was the best she could do.

"Why not take your husband's measure," said I, "and send to Mr. T. S. Arthur & Son, agents for Butterick's patterns, where, for a trifle, you can obtain a shirt pattern which will be sure to fit, and with all the directions for making printed upon it."

She had never heard of Butterick or his patterns; how could she, when magazines and newspapers were luxuries without which they could exist, while the merest necessities of life were all they could afford to purchase.

She knew her husband's height, and by the help of the waistbands of his pants, and the shoulders of his coat, we got his measure; we did not know as it was necessary to send both bust and waist measure for a shirt, but we concluded to be on the safe side. We then wrote the letter, enclosing the money, being particular to give her address plainly and fully, and I dropped the letter in the office on my way home. In the meantime, I counselled her to wash the muslin and linen in warm water, in order that they might do all their shrinking before being made up; to hang them, without wringing, smoothly on the line, to straighten and iron nicely, and have all in readiness by the time the pattern arrived, which it did promptly, and the little woman set to work delighted that her task was so plain and clear before her, and delighted also with the result, so simply made, so nicely fitting, so easily ironed.

Then, although she did not ask me, I sent her my Home Magazines to read, and what a pleasure it was to her. To be sure, many persons say one is not doing justice to the publishers to lend our periodicals as it defrauds them of subscribers; that may be so, but I do not believe selfishness ever benefited any one, and thousands who would be generous patrons of literature, had they the means, are compelled to starve the mind to provide for the body, unless some one more favored is willing to share with them that which makes the lender no poorer.

It always makes me sorry to see a useful and entertaining book lying idle, the end for which it was designed unattained, because it falls (only in exceptional cases,) to reach the very persons it would most benefit, in some instances, because they do not care for reading, but more frequently because they are not able to purchase books or subscribe for periodicals, and they cannot summon courage to ask of those who do not offer to lend, but who, after reading their magazines, stow them away where they can benefit no one; why not, if we own a copy, after enjoying it ourselves, allow it to circulate among those who are less fortunate, always with the understanding that it can be used but not abused, thus scattering the knowledge it contains broadcast among the wives and mothers, cheering, instructing and helping them to perform their duties in life in the easiest and best manner, enlivening weary hours, giving food for thought, contributing to their happiness, and through that to their happiness and prosperity. By giving light to others will not cause ours to burn less brightly, and, it may be, the knowledge they glean may, by pointing out ways of economizing or teaching them little industries, enable them

to acquire the means to become subscribers, instead of borrowers.

And, just here, I would suggest that in lending a bound book it is a good plan to put a newspaper cover on it, or, if magazines, to wrap them up before sending, as it preserves them in the transit, and at the same time conveys a gentle hint that you are careful of your books, and expect others to be the same. A book will stand much rough usage and tell no tales, but there is no need it should have reason to show a mark of ill-usage; to turn down a leaf to mark a place is a common but not at all proper practice, to lay it open with the leaves down still worse, but, above all for one to pencil their conceited opinions of the merits or blemishes of the book on the margin, is an insult to the author and all future readers. Nothing is more aggravating than to read a book that would have been highly enjoyed had not some shallow amateur critic scribbled, "I differ with the author," "I doubt it," and similar platitudes opposite what they considered "points," and which they had a conviction that no one but themselves was sharp enough to discover, so took upon themselves the duties of index finger of a guide-board. Even if their remarks are favorable, the reader wishes to be in communion with the author, and form their own conclusions, without the officious help of such interlopers being thrust upon them. Also, in lending much, one should keep a little "lent and returned" memorandum, it is but little trouble and does away with the likelihood of losing one's books.

Let us, then, be unselfish with our reading matter, and send it abroad with a generous hand. I do not believe the publishers object, at least I never heard one of the fraternity say they did, and until I do, I must think it an excuse to keep from lending that won't pass muster. As far as my experience goes, publishers are a kind, courteous and liberal-minded class of gentlemen, the very last persons, in my opinion, to discountenance the diffusion of knowledge, and while we are passing along in our journey through the world, trying to do all we can to make life sweet, and cheery, and helpful to each other, let us keep in remembrance that one of the ways of accomplishing this is by lending our books.

MRS. MARY E. IRELAND.

### FROM MY CORNER.

BY LICHEN.

No. 1.

DEAR FRIENDS, who have so oft looked from my window with me during the past two years, will you care to listen to what I may say from my little corner this year, though the pictures may not be as bright as those I could paint when out-of-door scenes were always mingled in them? There is so little that would be new in window pictures to give you, and I would not want to weary you with repetition of the same thoughts and feelings which would recur with the same views and seasons. I believe it would be better now to watch from this sheltered spot the bits of life which I may see, and give my thoughts upon them. Not because I think that others do not see many of the same things, and have some of the same thoughts, but it is good, perhaps, to set such things before people just to remind them. And I hope no one will think that I pretend to live up to them all myself, or that I do not know that I am weak and faulty. There are many of us like the guide-post—know the right way, and can point it out to others, if we do not walk in it ourselves.

So I shall write down whatever of my thoughts I hope will interest, amuse or help any one, and trust to your indulgence in judging me.

Any says she likes to be preached to; and so does the brown-eyed, chestnut-haired woman by the seashore, who says she can think very well, but cannot write out anything herself that is worth reading. But

I know she *could*, most beautiful things, if she would try.

It is the fault of many persons to over-rate their talents, and have too much self-confidence; but there are some who do not have enough; and many, no doubt, have real talent who never show it, because they have not sufficient confidence in themselves to venture putting their efforts before the public. I was so timid about this, that it was a long time before I could gain the courage to put anything I had written into print, and when at last I ventured to let a little poem appear in the home paper over a fictitious name, I was so much afraid my friends would find out who wrote it, that my heart beat almost loud enough to be heard when any one mentioned the piece, and it was months before I would tell even my own family. And it was almost as bad when I commenced publishing these prose articles; but I am getting over it now.

I do not think it a good thing, however, to print prose articles written when one is very young, before the mind has had time to mature. School-girl pieces, unless from very precocious pens, almost always show a want of finish, a lack of something, which tells on them directly, to a critical or observant reader. It is best to write and lay away, for future comparison with later productions, and I believe almost any young writer doing this will be glad that they did not publish their earliest ones.

I have been having one of my long reveries to-day, all to myself, thinking of this new year, and wondering what it will be to me, and to those I love. Have you thought of it, too? Do we who are young ask ourselves these questions: "What is it to live? Why do I live? And what shall my life be?" Momentous questions they are, and at the beginning of each year we should all ask them of ourselves, and resolve, for that short cycle at least, we will do our best; and then follow up the resolve with constant effort to make our life what it should be. Not seeking for personal happiness as of first importance, but "doing the duty that lies nearest us," and trying to find all the beauty or good that there may be in our surroundings. Making use of every opportunity we have of helping others, and making them happy—leading busy, useful (if possible, cheerful) lives, watching our days and hours to see that our time is not wasted, but is most of it turned to good account. Not working too much, nor too hard, if it can be avoided, for that is not wise nor just to ourselves. Taking time to enjoy rational pleasures and recreations, in moderation, that we may return to our work with body and mind refreshed.

Time thus spent is not wasted, but will bring us back good interest. Above all, doing these things with that highest of all aims, which should never be lost sight of—the constant preparation for another, higher, wider sphere of life than the one here can be; looking upon religion not merely as a Sunday service, of reading the Bible and going to church (though these are important helps to it), but as something which should permeate our whole existence, giving character to what we say, furnishing the motive for our actions, and showing even through our demeanor in many things.

In this way we may make each passing year prove a benefit to us in spiritual growth, and derive from it, many of us, much happiness; or, when that may not be, a peaceful content, which serves in place of it, with those whose lives cannot be joyful ones. Though we fall greatly in what we wish to do, and fall far short of what we aim for in ourselves, yet we will advance most certainly, if we persevere in earnest endeavor.

Not many weeks ago I heard one of the girls I love say: "Oh, I wish the old year would hurry and go, and the new one come!"

"Have you a very pleasant prospect for the new one?" I asked.

She laughed, and evaded any definite answer, and I thought to myself, she is dreaming some sweet dream, perhaps, for the future, which may or may not be real.



ized. And if the latter is the case, how will she bear it? With cheerfulness or patience? And if she cannot have the pleasure or good which she hopes for, will she make some good for herself out of whatever the year brings, or will she allow disappointment to cloud her days, marring the beauty she might find in them? How many young lives there are that waste some of their best years in restless discontent, and longing after they know not what sometimes, or, if they do, it is often unattainable. If they would only remember that,

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way,  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us further than to-day."

It is hard for us always to remember these little things, which would be of such help to us if we could only keep them in mind. Some of us *do* feel their import and their helping power when we think of them, but so often they are lost sight of, and our feet slip on the ladder which we are trying to ascend to reach the perfect way, and we stand with hands hanging downward, dejected and spiritless. Our days and hours are the ladder-rounds by which we climb, and we cannot reach real happiness, either in this world or the next, without ascending step by step. If we were placed at the top by one swift flight, we would not be prepared for it, and would slip down to our former level. Patient toiling is our only way, for the recompense, when we reach the goal, is too great to be given without being striven for.

Let us watch closely the days and hours of this year, to see how many upward steps we can make, remembering that

"Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear,  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care."

## THE GIRLS AT MILLWOOD.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

No. 1.

**N**EARLY all my girls are back again, except those who are teaching. Only four new ones, and two of them are not students, but dressmakers and milliners. They occupy the two rooms in the south end, up-stairs. Indeed, I was rather glad when the Misses Hamilton came to see if it were possible that my girls and I could make room for them. They are cheery and pleasant, and will have a good influence in my dear little family, besides my school-girls will learn many things from them.

Professor McWilliams asked me the other day if I were not tired of my position, but I told him that I rejoiced in it, and believed I had found my sphere, that of "mothering over" a lot of girls.

We made as few changes as possible in the way our rooms were arranged. I find some difficulty in giving each girl a room-mate who is congenial. A careless, slovenly girl must not room with one who is tidy, and orderly, and exact; and two careless, easy girls cannot get along very well together. A nervous girl cannot endure the presence of a companion who slams doors, throws down an armful of wood, opens a window with a bang, and snores at night. All this requires a good deal of managing, and planning, and forethought.

Tudie and Midget sleep in a little bed almost within reach of my own, in my room. I felt as if I wanted the little dears to be near me.

I allow the girls to study until half-past eight every night, and then if the weather is good we all walk out as far as the "top of the hill," which is about half a mile up the street north of our house; but last night Lottie wanted me to go to the shoestore with her, and so we two took our walk down the street.

Now Lottie does vex me sometimes, in spite of my efforts to the contrary. She is such a fussy girl, and I have not much patience with fidgety people. When we were getting ready to go to the shoestore, she said: "Don't wear a common wrap, Aunt Chatty; do please put on your nice broche shawl. You don't know how gracefully it drapes your plump shoulders; and then it looks so rich."

Now if there is any article of dress that I dislike, it is a shawl on a dumpy woman; but to please her I put it on. The night was cool, and the air crisp, and the sky looked cold and blue, and the stars had an icy glitter. I drew the warm shawl closer about my shoulders and quickened my steps.

"Oh-ho!" she laughed—and I thought rather rudely—as she said, "don't walk so fast, dear; a duck of a woman like you are don't look pretty when she goes so fast—makes me think of a pumpkin on a brisk bobbing trot down hill; and—let me arrange your shawl. My! what a nice shawl. I wish I could afford one like it. That's one thing I always wanted, and I've teased mother time after time to get me one; why I've even gone so far as to cry right noisily about it, in hopes of melting her stony heart, but it was all of no use."

I winced a little; but there I stood like a dummy, shivering in the chill night air, and let the girl arrange my shawl.

"You must hold it just so," she said, laying a fold up over my arm, and stepping back to admire the artistic effect. "And when you walk through town and go into the store, let it hang just as I have fixed it, and mind and keep your arms in that one position, or you'll spoil the whole arrangement."

Why I, Charity Reynolds Brooks, relit of the late George Nelson Brooks, positively felt ashamed of myself to stand up there like a wooden frame-work and be fixed up for a show. So I walked along feeling foolish enough, worse than any silly, affected girl who was anxious to get a beau, and just as we stepped into the store I let fall my arms, and with them the structure of folds and artistic prettiness. Then I gathered its generous warmth about me in a good old-womanish way, and felt comfortable.

Lottie looked at me deprecatingly, while I looked back with a positive assertion in my face that she understood.

As we came out of the store, I said: "The night is so beautiful, let us walk down the street under the maples, where the shimmer of the moonlight falls so charmingly."

She linked her arm in mine, and we sauntered down the pavement until we came opposite the little, cosy cottage in which George Nelson and I lived the first year after our marriage. I could have cried aloud. How doleful looked the pines that his dear hands had planted! How beautifully lay the vines, heaped and festooned on the corners of the low veranda where we used to sit in the long summer evenings. I leaned my head down on the post of the little wicket-gate, and closed my eyes to shut out the moonlight picture that so linked itself with the mournful past.

"Come, let us go home," said Lottie; "it don't look well for women to be out on the street this way; people might think strange of us, you know."

I cried out in my grief, I felt so lonely, so utterly homeless, friendless, uncared for at that moment.

"Come, Aunt Chatty, what will people say!" said the affected little minx, drawing my arm within her own.

I walked away with her, but you may be sure I took advantage of the first propitious time to talk to my girls from the text, "What will people say."

I told them that this dread of what people might say was an obstacle that stood in the way of our best interests. We did many things of which we disapproved, and which we condemned, just because we feared the

frown of "the people." We wore outlandish costumes because "they" did it; we stuffed our growing children with the dead languages only because it was customary; we talked, and walked, and visited watering-places, and read books on doubtful themes, and discussed vague ideal theories, and burdened our minds with nonsensical ideas, all because "they" did it.

Because Mrs. Smith loops, and festoons, and arranges her shawl in a style peculiarly oriental, over her sloping shoulders, forthwith must Mrs. Brown, short and stubby, wear hers the same way, making her thick, square back to resemble the bulging middle of a beef barrel.

If there is any one reason that I dislike to hear another advance, it is that of "What will people say?" Any one who lives in dread of this will only live a poor, shallow surface life, so blighted and dwarfed that even its old age will not know ripeness, nor grow mellow and enjoyable, as one's latter years should grow. This is very pitiable to contemplate.

I turned the laugh on Lottie, too, by telling the girls that she had said she had always wanted a shawl like mine, and had cried for it many a time, but her tears did not melt her mother's obdurate heart.

Now you will hardly believe me, but my girls, honest and candid to a fault, confessed that some of them, perhaps a half dozen, had been guilty of that very same thing.

I raised my hands in surprise. Really, I had no idea of such a state of affairs going on in this way about me! I had cried to go to school when I was a young woman, and I had cried, too, because my wardrobe was so very scantily supplied; but the latter tears were on my pillow, and I would have been ashamed had my parents known of them. I remembered of one of my schoolmates, when I admired her new ruffled silk apron, saying with a sigh: "O Charity, it cost me more than a dozen good crying spells before mother got it! I saw that nothing short of good, hard, substantial

bawling would win it, and so I just sat, cried and never ate a bite until she got it for me."

I recollected that I shamed Mary Jane for her unwomanly weakness, and remarked that I would dress as did our first mother, the whole four seasons, before I would humiliate myself that way for any article of clothing. Cry for nice things!

I didn't tell the girls so, because it was not advisable, but really, if a mother can afford to get good and pretty things that are in the prevailing style for her daughters, without impoverishing her means, or making too much of a sacrifice, or pampering a feeling of envy, or malice, or pride, why I think she ought to do it.

There is a love for pretty things, and bright hues, and contrasting colors, and becoming fashions, implanted in the heart of every gay, glad young girl, that she can no more help or keep back than can the swallow its gleeful warble, or the robin its sweet musical trill. I hope mothers will think of this, and use their own judgment wisely. It is well for such women to recall their own young girlhood, with all its pretty likes, and the glow and glamor that made the sunshine or the shadow of their own blooming years.

How touching a little incident is one of Alice Carey's sad stories. Sally, the poor little heroine, was going to a party, and needed a pretty new ribbon to brighten up her well-worn and scant attire. She coaxed her father to buy it when he went to town. She watched him as he rode off in the little wagon, and then her heart bounded on his return as he came toward her with something in his hand.

"There, Sally," said he, as he gave her a piece of sandstone, "I brought this to you to scour the tin-ware. That, I am sure, is of more use than a foolish bit of ribbon to wear about your neck."

Now this was nothing to the father, but we who look back upon the years of our girlhood can almost feel the effect of his cold words, and the bitter poignancy of the young girl's grief.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### RECIPES.

**DRESSED POTATOES** (A Nice Supper Dish).—Take some of the largest potatoes, roast them well, cut off the tops, and scoop out the inside completely. Rub this quite fine through a sieve, and add a tablespoonful of grated cheese, pepper, salt and a little flour. Melt the butter in a stewpan, put in the potato flour, and make it hot, fill the skins of the potatoes with it, put them into the oven, and roast an hour. Serve them up quite hot.

**LEMON CHEESECAKES**.—A quarter of a pound of warmed butter; peel of two lemons, juice of one; a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar; a few almonds; puff paste. Just warm the butter; stir into it the sugar pounded fine, and when dissolved mix with it the peel of two lemons grated and the juice of one strained. Mix all well together, and pour it into patty-pans lined with puff paste. Put a few blanched almonds on the top of each. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes.

**THE ALEXANDRA PUDDING**.—Three eggs; three ounces of sugar; three ounces of bread-crumbs; half a lemon; a teaspoonful of milk; a little jam; puff paste. Line a pie-dish with puff paste, and cover the bottom with apricot or strawberry jam, mix the bread-crumbs, pounded sugar, juice of the lemon, and the peel grated with the milk and the eggs well beaten; beat all thoroughly together, pour it into the dish over the jam, and bake half an hour.

**STEWED APPLES**.—Peel and core six apples; put the cores and parings into a quart of water, and simmer gently. Strain off, and pour the liquid over the apples, adding the juice of half a lemon and three ounces of white sugar. Boil gently till the apples are quite tender, then turn out into a basin, and beat up with a

fork, gradually adding about a teacupful of cream or milk. When the whole is of about the consistency of cream, pile up in a glass dish, and put away in a cool place. Whipped cream or the whites of eggs well whisked may be put over the top before serving.

**RICE**.—To boil rice as in India, proceed as follows: Into a saucepan of two quarts of water, when boiling, throw a tablespoonful of salt, and then put in one pint of rice, previously well washed in cold water. Let it boil twenty minutes, throw into a colander, drain, and put back into the saucepan, which should stand near the fire for several minutes.

**APPLE MINCE MEAT**.—One pound of currants; one pound of peeled and chopped apples; one pound of suet chopped fine; one pound of moist sugar; quarter of a pound of raisins stoned and cut in two; the juice of four oranges and two lemons, with the chopped peel of one; add of ground mace and allspice each a spoonful. Mix all well together, and keep it closely covered in a cool place.

**SCALLOPED OYSTERS**.—Three dozen oysters; grated bread-crumbs about a large teacupful; two ounces of fresh butter; pepper. Butter some tin scallop shells, or, if you have not any, a small tart-dish. Strew in a layer of grated bread, then put some thin slices of butter, then oysters enough to fill your shells or dish. Cover them thickly with bread-crumbs, again add slices of butter. Pepper the whole well, add a little of the liquor kept from the oysters. Put butter over the whole surface, and bake in a quick oven for a quarter of an hour. Serve them in their shells or in the dish. Brown them with a salamander. If you have not one, make the kitchen shovel red-hot and hold it over closely enough to brown your scallops.

## Centennial Notes.

**PROGRESS OF THE WORK.**—The work at the Centennial grounds is rapidly progressing. Machinery Hall is finished, and space being allotted to exhibitors. Memorial Hall, the Main Exhibition Building, Agricultural and Horticultural Halls, etc., are all being pushed to completion, and will soon be ready to receive the various articles for which they are intended. Vast hotels are springing up like magic. Whichever way the eye turns, elegant structures, of novel architectural designs, are seen rising into the air. These are the buildings erected by the Commissioners from foreign countries; by our own Government; by the various States in our Union; and by the representatives of different trades and industries; and when completed will make a series of lovely villas, surrounded by elegant gardens and shrubbery, and add greatly to the beauty and attractiveness of the scene.

We have kept our readers advised thus far of everything of interest appertaining to the progress of this greatest Exposition the world has ever seen, and shall continue to do so month after month, giving in due time ample illustrations of the grounds, buildings and curious things placed on exhibition.

**THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.**—The United States Government building will present an attractive novelty in the frescoing of the inside of its walls. Upon a light brown groundwork of plaster are drawn perpendicular and horizontal blue lines, three-fourths of an inch wide, dividing the surface into spaces of one square foot each, every square being cut by red diagonals, of the same width as the blue lines, into four equal parts. These spaces are being ornamented with painted emblems expressive of the nature of the various departmental exhibits—the bow, arrow and tomahawk in the Indian, a terrestrial globe and cog-wheel in the Patent Office, a carrier-pigeon in the Post Office, a stack of muskets in the Army, an anchor in the Navy, etc. The figures are executed with stencils and brush, and, to relieve the eye, alternate use is made of a star-shaped cut.

**THE PISCATORIAL DISPLAY.**—There are to be two exhibitions of fishes, one in the Government Building and the other by the Agricultural Department. Professor Baird has conceded to the latter the Vivaria, and will give the weight of his influence and counsel to make it a success, while he will display his casts—perhaps a thousand—colored to life, with all the specimens of preparations, showing the various uses to which each species is applied, economically and commercially. The Government will exhibit all the appliances for taking fish—of which the white man's forms but a small proportion—from models of pounds and seines down to the smallest minutiae of the angler's outfit; also boats and canoes, or models of them.

In the Agricultural Hall there will be a similar exhibition, excepting that it will not embrace the canoes, boats and fishing implements of the aborigines.

The space designed for the fish, fish cultural and fishing-tackle display, in the Agricultural Building, is on the west side. It will be forty feet wide and extend the entire length of the hall, about eight hundred feet, half of the space having been reserved for the United States. The hatching apparatus and things pertaining thereto, and the aquaria, will be on the side next to the lights, and the display of fishing-tackle, etc., on the opposite side of the aisle.

Approaching the fishery department from the east, through the main transept, visitors will be attracted by a large fountain at the western side of the building. In the circular base of this fountain will be seen gold

fish and other species with brilliant colors. Next will come hatching apparatus, models of spawning races and fish ways; then an exhibition of the process of hatching the eggs of fishes. Next to these will be glass aquaria of various sizes, from two to six and a half feet long, with a great variety of our fresh and salt water fishes. The cold water species, such as salmon, trout, grayling, white fish and lake trout, will be exhibited in aquaria, the water of which will be refrigerated. A constant stream will flow through all the tanks. At the northern end of the building will be three very large aquaria; one twenty, and two ten feet long; all of them seven feet wide and nearly four feet deep. The twenty-foot tank will contain large marine fish, mammals and invertebrata—sharks, and dolphins, and tunnies, or "horse mackerel," if they can be had—porpoises, seals, huge sea turtles, etc. One of the ten-foot tanks will have the salt water fish of smaller size and in greater numbers; the other will hold the larger fresh water fishes, catfish, buffalo-fish, gars and mud or shovel fish of the West, sturgeons and large specimens of the great northern pickerel, muscalonge and walleyed pike. These large tanks will have plate glass only in front, the backs and ends will be of substantial wood. The glass will be an inch thick—six plates forty-five by forty inches in the largest, and three plates of the same size in each of the smaller. This part of the building will be darkened, and the light from without thrown directly on the surface of the water, a plain dark curtain extending from the top of the front of the tanks to the ceiling, thus giving the effect of looking through windows into the sea.

**JAPAN.**—A letter from Japan announces that that country is well advanced in its preparations for the Exhibition. These are under the charge of a commission of twenty members, whose headquarters are in Tokel, and two of whom are now in Philadelphia. The Government is collecting specimens of the natural and artificial products of the whole empire, encouraging the people to display their skill in fine work, and assisting with money meritorious exhibitors who have not the means to participate at their own expense.

The sum of six hundred thousand dollars has been applied by the Government to these preparations. The articles were collected in October at Tokel, and will be forwarded to this city during December. They comprise the following objects: Ores, minerals, flowers, fruits, woods, varnishes, tea, tobacco, wine, vinegar, sugar, lacquered ware, porcelain, bronzes, metallic inlaid work, cabinet ware, inlaid woods, bamboo ware, rattan ware, silk and cotton manufactures, embroidery, raw silk, fur, leather, engravings, paper, fans, fishing implements, toilets, curiosities, scientific appliances, collections from Government Departments (coins, weights and measures, postal stamps, maps, etc.)

**THE DAIRY.**—Arrangements are being made for the erection of a dairy in the Centennial grounds by the Dairymen's Association of Philadelphia. A rustic building is to be erected near the Horticultural building under the shade of trees, the basement of the dairy to be sunk below the ground and constantly supplied with ice. It will be arranged with special regard to cleanliness and the purity of the article supplied, which will be furnished to visitors in every variety in which it is capable of being consumed, viz.: milk, cream, butter, cottage cheese, cheese, ice cream, etc., all of which will be served by dairymaids in Swiss costume. The members of the Dairymen's Association have given special attention to this matter, and propose to make it a creditable representation of this great national product.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

IT may not be amiss to give our readers some idea of the prevailing styles for children's dresses. It is a fact much to be rejoiced at that common sense has at last triumphed over the vain desire for display which has hitherto characterized the methods of dressing children. There are no more bare necks, arms and legs. The garments of even the youngest infants are made with long sleeves, and with necks and shoulders covered. The short stockings which exposed the bare limbs in all kinds of weather, are replaced by long, dark hose, which come up over the knee, and gartered in out of sight beneath the dress skirt or the pantaloons. There is also a decided modification in the colors of children's clothing. Bright goods and fancy plaids are no longer seen. Nut brown, navy blue, myrtle green and plum are the preferred colors, while what plaids are worn, are of quiet and subdued colors and combined with plain goods of the same tints.

A pretty style of dress for a girl of almost any age, is one with a princess front and a kilt back. In front the waist and skirt is cut in one, and may be either single or double breasted. The upper part of the back is a long-waisted Marguerite basque, with a sash across the lower part of it, under which is added the kilt-plaited skirt. Instead of kilt-plaitings, box-plaitings may be used, for variety. The kilt suit may be worn by girls of any age from two to twelve. It has a kilt skirt of twenty deeply-laid plaits, all turned one way, pressed and hemmed. Over this is worn a vest and basque, the latter buttoned behind, and all arranged so that they can be put on as one garment. Over this,

for an outer garment, may be worn a long, flannel-lined sacque, with back seams wide apart, pockets behind and with bows of gross-grain ribbon set on pockets, on collars and down the front. The only trimming which this costume allows is a cord to finish the edge of sacque and basque.

Broad, square-cornered Puritan collars, of linen or lace, are worn by both girls and boys. With these collars, the hair is worn long and flowing behind, while it is cut short in front, and allowed to hang over the forehead like a fringe.

Small boys wear the kilt suit, already so popular. Scotch plaids and sailor costumes have gone out of favor.

Stockings are no longer striped, but plain, and of some dark or bright color, matching either the dress or sash.

Velvet bonnets for little girls are made with soft, full crowns and Marie Stuart fronts, with full ruche of lace for face-trimming. Boys' hats are high, round-crowned Derbys of felt, or else square-crowned black beavers.

Latest advices from Paris speak of the polonaise resuming its sway there, "longer and more ample than in past times, but more of a polonaise than ever." It will be worn at all times and places, and is made of material coarse in appearance, but warm and substantial.

Bonnets are to be larger, and with wider brims, than in the past. Felt bonnets faced with velvet have the preference, the facing being of a color to form a decided contrast with the bonnet. Birds and birds' wings are the favorite trimming.

## New Publications.

**The Bertram Family.** By the Author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family." New York: Dodd & Mead. All who have read and enjoyed "WINIFRED BERTRAM," will, in this volume, meet the characters in whose fortunes they had become interested, and walk with them again for a few years along the paths of life. It is marked by the same deep insight into character, the same purity of sentiment, the same subtle analysis of motive and feeling, and the same deep religious sentiment that have distinguished the author's previous works. The world is better for such books. May their number increase.

**Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania.** Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott, and J. W. Landerbach. Numbers five and six of this splendid work have appeared, and they fully sustain its high character. The illustrations in the last number give some exquisite views in Fairmount Park and on the Schuylkill.

**Brought Home.** By Hesba Stretton. New York: Dodd & Mead. A beautiful and touching temperance story, telling how a woman yielded to temptation, but finally conquered her appetite. It should be placed in the library of every Sabbath-school in the

land. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**Wild Hyacinth.** A Novel. By Mrs. Randolph, Author of "Gentianella," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. An English story of considerable interest, yet without sufficient literary merit to give it a permanent place among books.

**Marrying Beneath Your Station.** By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. A novelette printed from the English advance proof sheets.

**Ciprina; or, The Secrets of a Picture Gallery.** By George W. M. Reynolds. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

**Portrait of Mr. Arthur.** We have received from J. M. Stoddart & Co., the publishers, a neat and handsome steel engraving of T. S. ARTHUR, copied from one of his latest photographs. It is of quarto size, suitable for framing, and is excellent both as a work of art and as a portrait of the original. Messrs. J. M. Stoddart & Co. will furnish copies of this portrait by mail for twenty-five cents. See their advertisement in this number of the HOME.

## Editor's Department.

### Commencement of the New Year.

OUR large corps of writers have so crowded this number with good things, that little space is left for us to give more than a New Year's Salutation; and so to old friends and to new ones we send a

cordial greeting. It is now over twenty-two years since our magazine began its monthly visits among the people, and in that time it has gone into hundreds of thousands of American homes, bearing with it as pleasant and helpful words as we knew how to speak.



The best that we could get and give has always been laid before our readers. We might have catered to a lower and more frivolous taste, and doubled our subscription list; but, though the pressure to do this has often been very strong, we have never yielded to it for a single moment, and we can now point with no ordinary satisfaction to the forty-three volumes of the HOME MAGAZINE that have been published as wholly free from anything that can corrupt the taste or weaken the moral sentiment.

As the HOME MAGAZINE has been, so will it continue to be; high-toned, pure and earnest, the helpful friend and cheery companion of the people, always bringing to them in its monthly visits the best and most entertaining things it can find.

We need not speak of the many attractive features that will distinguish our magazine for the coming year. These have been specially announced in our Prospectus, and it will be seen that they are going to be unusually rich and varied. Our effort has always been to make each new volume of the HOME better than the last, and we mean to make this one, if possible, best of all.

### A Monument to Edgar A. Poe.

A NEAT and tasteful monument has been erected in Baltimore by the School-Teachers' Association of that city to the memory of Edgar A. Poe. It stands in the Westminster graveyard, corner of Fayette and Green Streets, and was unveiled with impressive ceremonies on the seventeenth of November. The gifted poet has at last received, after his body had lain for twenty-six years in an unmarked grave, a fitting tribute to his rare genius. It is noticeable that the tribute comes not from old literary friends or men of letters, but from an Association of Teachers in his native city, and that, with a single exception, no distinguished poets were present at the ceremony, though letters were received from William Cullen Bryant, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, Margaret J. Preston, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John G. Saxe, J. G. Holland, Sarah Helen Whitman, Alfred Tennyson and Henry W. Longfellow.

Mr. Poe was a literary artist of the highest ability; but at the same time an unsparing critic. He was not generous toward his cotemporaries, and when, as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, he began his keen and merciless dissections of leading American authors, there was an animus in his work that was felt to be unkind and unfriendly. He might have done it in a gentler spirit; and, perhaps, as well. But it was not his way.

This honorary tribute to the memory of Poe has called out a large amount of criticism on his life and literary character, some of it eminently just and kind. "Most of our American poets," says one writer, "reflect English poetry, but Poe formed his own style, and all his inspiration came from within. His individuality was intense, and he seemed to move within a magic circle which no other foot than his could cross. His imitators are many, but they are all below contempt. It is impossible to imitate poetry which is so profoundly original, though it is easy to parody his verse. No doubt Poe spoke truth when he said that poetry to him had not been a purpose but a passion, and that the passions must not be trifled with. Had it been a purpose he would have written volumes, but as it was a passion held sacred by him, and wedded with sorrow, and conflict, and remorse, he produced very little in quantity. But how great this little is! There is 'The Raven,' 'To One in Heaven,' 'Israfel,' 'Annabel Lee,' 'For Annie,' 'Ulalume,' 'The Conqueror Worm,' each a separate star in a strange and vividly burning constellation. His poetry also found expression in his tales, and the finest of these have no parallels in fiction. Thus it may be said that he is greater or less than such

or such a poet, according to the critic's taste, but it cannot be truly said that he is like any other poet. It is in his utter unlikeness to others that much of his singular fascination exists.

"Much of Poe's labor was given to criticism, and he is not forgiven even now for his severity. It is the custom to sneer at him as a critic who concerned himself only with the mechanism of art, and not with its higher elements. But we believe that he rendered a great service to American literature by his analysis of forms, his direct censure of incompetent writers, and the war he ever waged against mediocrity and pretense. He was the Pythian of the age, and his arrows always hit the mark. In many respects we regard him as the ablest of American critics, and it is a misfortune for the literature of the present day that he is without a successor."

The defect of his poetry is its lack of moral purpose. There is no heart in it, and no inspiration to noble deeds or gentle humanities. It is cold, and clear, and glittering as starlight, not glowing with the refreshing and inspiring warmth of the sunbeams.

### Our New Historical Picture.

OUR new engraving is one of unusual merit as a work of art. It represents the moment when, after the trial and condemnation of Mary, Queen of Scots, the warrant for her execution is presented to Elizabeth, Queen of England.

The queen sits with a pen in her hand, her face turned partly away from Davison, who has brought the death warrant, her strong features set in an expression that shows with wonderful power the intense struggle going on in her mind. A moment after this point of time, so well chosen by the artist, the queen signed the warrant, and then said bitterly, but with a covert jest on the haired of Walsingham (one of her ministers who had procured the condemnation of Mary), "Go, tell all this to Walsingham, who is now sick; though I fear he will die for sorrow when he hears of it."

The interest felt by readers of English history in the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Stuart, gives this elegant picture a value beyond its mere artistic merits, which are very great. It is by far the most striking and elegant that we have had engraved.

As will be seen by our Prospectus, a copy of this picture is given to every one who sends us a club of subscribers to the HOME MAGAZINE. It is also sent to any of our subscribers at the nominal price of fifty cents. The English engraving from which we made our copy sells for \$12.00; and our picture, only a little smaller in size, has been so well and carefully reproduced by Mr. Rice, that few, if any, can see the difference.

Our subscribers have, therefore, an opportunity to possess themselves of a rare and costly engraving for a trifling sum; and we would advise all who really value good pictures to avail themselves of the opportunity.

### "The Stirrup-Cup."

NO doubt a great deal of poetry and sentiment went out of the world when chivalry became a thing of the past. But whether the poetry was of the best, and the sentiment of the truest and loftiest, there may be grave doubts. Indeed, it is even possible to imagine that the relations of friendship and love between the sexes, founded upon a less fanciful, and therefore a truer basis, are more likely to prove lasting and satisfactory, all things considered. In those old days, every lady was a queen, and every gentleman her humble servant, until marriage; and then—their positions were reversed. Now, meeting more nearly as equals, they remain more nearly equals to the end.

One of the institutions of chivalry was the stirrup-cup. "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," is a proverb which has descended to us from the days

of chivalry. In those times, the amount and quality of drink which a man offered his friends was the measure of his hospitality. The guest was welcomed with wine at least, if not with something stronger; and when he was about to depart, he must drink a parting glass, offered him, not infrequently, by his hostess, or by the lady whose smiles were especially for him, as a token of the good wishes which attended him on his journey. That this stirrup-cup, taken very possibly after hard drinking at table, was entirely unneeded, and even liable to work mischief to him who accepted it, was something unthought of; and if harm befell the traveller on his way, host and hostess had no weight upon their consciences in consequence.

### "Eaglescliffe."

Mrs. DORR's new story opens in the present number with a fine promise. The gifted author of "RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON" has given her very best work to this serial, and our readers have no ordinary pleasure in store.

## Publishers' Department.

### THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1876.

FOR the great Centennial year, the HOME MAGAZINE will present unusual attractions. See Prospectus. Among these will be a new serial story, entitled

### "EAGLESCLIFFE."

By Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Whose "RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON," so charmed our thousands of readers. This new story has been written expressly for our magazine, and is commenced in the January number.

Another serial story,

### "MIRIAM,

### And the Life She Laid Down."

By T. S. ARTHUR,

is also commenced in this number.

"Pipsissivy Potts," will discourse, as of old, in her

### "POTTSVILLE PAPERS."

about matters and things in general, and home-life and character in particular.

From Mrs. ELLEN M. MITCHELL we shall have another series of her carefully-written and finely-discriminating

### LITERARY BIOGRAPHIES,

which have been so acceptable to our readers.

Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY, whose articles on "WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES," published a few years ago in the HOME MAGAZINE, gave such general satisfaction, will write another series this year, under the title

### "WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD,"

in which she will offer practical advice and suggestions as to the various remunerative employments in which women may engage. These articles cannot fail to be exceedingly valuable, as Mrs. Duffey is a woman of wide experience, careful observation and strong common sense, and will write from the standpoint of one who has made her own way in the world.

### "CHATTY BROOKS,"

it will be seen, is going to tell about "THE GIRLS AT MILWOOD," and gentle "LICHEN" will keep her quiet corner in the "HOME CIRCLE," among loving friends who carry her in their hearts.

For more thoughtful readers, there will be the well-filled Department of

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Which will be richly illustrated, and contain carefully-prepared articles on a wide range of subjects.

### THE STORY-TELLER.

That, to many readers, is one of our most attractive Departments, will contain, during the year, besides the two serials above mentioned, a large number of choice stories from the pens of some of our best writers.

As all of our readers will want to know as much as possible about the great Exhibition of this year, we shall make our

### CENTENNIAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

As full as possible, keeping them advised of what is in progress, and when the Exhibition opens, give as large descriptions, accompanied by engravings, as our space will admit.

But we cannot tell of all the good things in store for this year. Examine the Prospectus, reader, and judge for yourself.

### CHOICE OF PICTURES.

We have eight large and beautiful steel engravings from which Club-getters can select their premium pictures.

1. QUEEN ELIZABETH CONSENTING TO THE DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
2. THE INTERRUPTED READER.
3. THE LION IN LOVE.
4. PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE.
5. THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.
6. THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLES.
7. THE ANGEL OF PEACE.
8. BED-TIME.

One of these will be mailed to every person sending us a club—ten cents must be remitted for postage.

If no choice is made, the first picture on the list will be sent.

Subscribers to the HOME MAGAZINE will have the right to order any of above-named choice engravings at fifty cents each. Pictures of the size and artistic excellence of these sell at the print-stores at from three to five dollars each.

### NOTINGS.

THE "UTILITY ADJUSTABLE TABLE," manufactured by Lambie & Sargent, 793 Broadway, New York, is, among modern inventions for the comfort and convenience of women at home, one of the best; taking the place, as it does, of all the clumsy devices heretofore used in the tiresome work of cutting out garments and basting up needlework. Get one of these tables and it will be no longer necessary to sit in an uncomfortable position, balancing a cumbersome board with its weight and contents on your lap, or wearily stand at an ordinary table, or still worse, adopt the painfully ungraceful but frequent custom of many ladies of spreading their work on the floor, and getting down on their hands and knees to manipulate it; for, by the use of this table, you can sit in any chair, adjusting it to a convenient height, and cut and baste your work with perfect ease. The price of these tables range from \$4.50 to \$25. Send to the manufacturers in New York and get their illustrated descriptive catalogue.

THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT, for the cure of Chronic Diseases, is pronounced by statesmen, literati and members of the bar the most remarkable curative agent known. It is administered by Dr. G. R. Starkey, at No. 1116 Girard St., Philadelphia, and at 1407 F St., Washington, D. C. Write to the doctor for one of his pamphlets.

THE FLEETWOOD SCROLL SAW, which can be used at home for the production of brackets, boxes, easels, etc., is manufactured by Trump & Bros., Wilmington, Del. Price from \$10 to \$15.

SMOKERS will be glad to know that Vanity Fair will not make the tongue sore. It is shaved from best natural leaf, for Meerschaum and Cigarettes. Vienna Medal, 1873. Best dealers have it. See advt.

A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION.—For nearly half a century the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.

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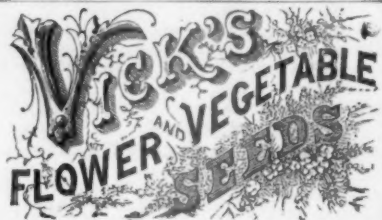
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# ARTHUR'S

## ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE

### FOR THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE not only takes rank with the leading, and most influential periodicals of the day, but claims to be, in its peculiar characteristics and varied departments, more thoroughly identified with the American people in their home and social life than any other magazine published.

It is not the rival or competitor of any other magazine, but stands alone in its peculiar sphere, character and work, and addresses itself to men and women of taste, culture and common sense; to those who have right purposes in life, and an interest in humanity. It not only goes into the Homes of the People as a power for good, but as a pleasant companion and friend, interested in all that interests the household and ready to help, comfort, amuse, instruct, delight and cheer every one from the youngest to the oldest.

For the great Centennial Year, the Home Magazine will be more attractive than ever, as an earnest of this, the publishers offer the following rich programme, as a part of what will appear in its pages.

**EAGLESCIFFE.** By Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR. A new serial by the author of "RACHEL DILLON'S SON," (which has been pronounced the best American story given by any magazine during the year), will be commenced in the January number.

**MIRIAM, AND THE LIFE SHE LAID DOWN.** By T. S. ARTHUR. Author of "DEBORAH NORMAN; Her Work and Her Reward." This new serial will also be commenced in the January number.

**THE STORY TELLER.** This Department of the Home Magazine, which has always been exceedingly rich, will contain besides the above serials, a large number of fine stories from the pens of some of our best writers.

**POTTSVILLE PAPERS.** By FIFTEENWAT POTTS. Author of "OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS," and "THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD." We need only announce this series of papers. PIPER's inimitable and unique delineations of home-life and character are so well known to our readers that no word of commendation on our part is needed.

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